This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

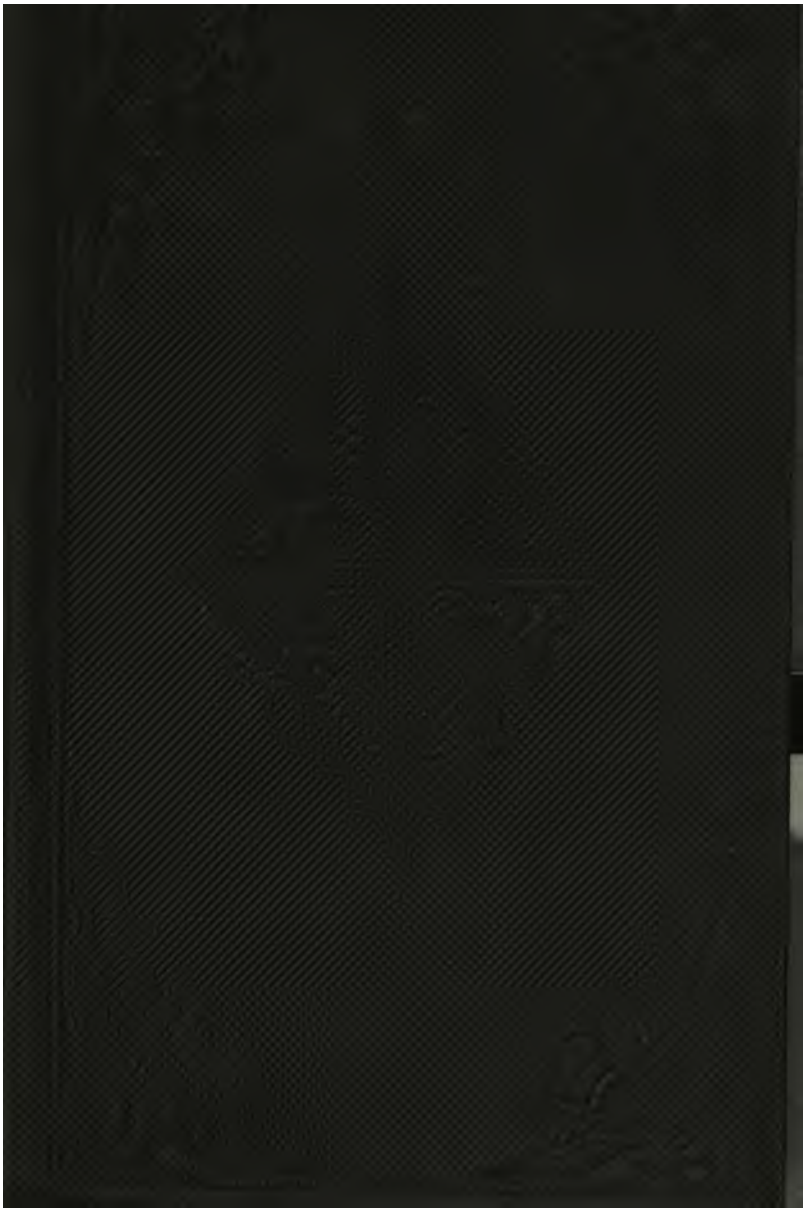
+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`



60.1489

To Members of Mechanics' Institutes and Literary Societies, etc.

EXTRAORDINARY CHEAP BOOKS.

NEW LIBRARY OF

POPULAR STANDARD WORKS

NOW ISSUING BY

W. TEGG & Co., CHEAPSIDE, LONDON.

SOLD BY

R. GRIFFIN & Co., GLASGOW:—J. M'GLASHAN, DUBLIN AND ALL OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

JOHNSON'S LIVES of the POETS, with Critical Observations on their Works, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ROBERTSON'S HISTORY of SCOTLAND, with an Appendix, containing Original Papers, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The COMPLETE WORKS of ROBERT BURNS, with an Account of his Life, and a Criticism on his Writings, by Dr. Currie, 2*s.* 6*d.*

ROBERTSON'S HISTORY of AMERICA, 2*s.* 6*d.*

SMITH'S WEALTH of NATIONS, 2*s.* 6*d.*

The ORATORS of FRANCE; including Mirabeau, Danton, Bonaparte, Foy, Garnier-Pages, Lafayette, Odillon-Barrot, Lamartine, Guizot, Thiers. etc, etc., 1*s.* 6*d.*

MEMOIRS of LOUIS NAPOLEON BONAPARTE, First President of France, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The CZAR, his COURT and PEOPLE; including a Tour in Norway and Sweden, by J. S. Maxwell, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIVING ORATORS of AMERICA, by E. L. Magoon, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The ORATORS of the AMERICAN REVOLUTION, by do. 1*s.* 6*d.*

TRAVELS in ITALY, the ALPS, and the Rhine, by J. T. Headley, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE of OLIVER CROMWELL, by do., 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE of ROBERT BRUCE, the Scottish Hero, 1*s.* 6*d.*

OLD WINE in NEW BOTTLES; or, Spare Hours of a Student in Paris, by A. K. Gardiner, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE of SIR WALTER SCOTT, Bart., by George Grant, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE of WALLACE, the SCOTTISH HERO, 1*s.* 6*d.*

THE HISTORY of the UNITED STATES of AMERICA, from their first settlement, 2*s.*

TRAVELS in MEXICO, during the years 1843 and 1844, including a description of California, the principal Cities and mining Districts of that Republic, the Oregon Territory, etc., etc., 1*s.* 6*d.*

NOTES of a TOUR through Turkey, Greece, Egypt, and Arabia Petræa, to the Holy Land. etc., etc., by E. Joy Morris, an American Traveller, 1*s.* 6*d.*

NOTES of TRAVEL in CALIFORNIA; comprising the prominent Geographical, Agricultural, Geological, and Mineralogical Features of the country. From the official reports of Col. Fremont and Maj. Emory, 1*s.* 6*d.*

MEMOIRS of BURNS; or Burns as a Poet, and as a Man: by Samuel Tyler, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A VISIT to CONSTANTINOPLE and ATHENS, by the Rev. Walter Colton, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The PANORAMA of SCIENCE, or, A Guide to Knowledge; by George Grant, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A HISTORY of LONDON from the earliest period to the present time: comprising the Rise and Progress of the Metropolis, by do., 1*s.* 6*d.*

The HISTORY of USEFUL INVENTIONS, by do., 1*s.* 6*d.*

POPULAR GEOGRAPHY; or, A General Description of the Five Great Divisions of the Globe, by do., 1*s.* 6*d.*

MECHANICS' OWN BOOK, embracing the portion of Chemistry applicable to the Mechanic Arts, with abstracts of Electricity, Galvanism, Magnetism, Pneumatics, Optics, Astronomy, and Mechanical Philosophy, by James Pilkington, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A TOUR through ARMENIA, PERSIA, and MESOPOTAMIA, by H. Southgate, 1*s.* 6*d.*

BRYDONE'S TRAVELS in SICILY and MALTA, 1*s.* 6*d.*

OBSERVATIONS in EUROPE, principally in FRANCE and GREAT BRITAIN, by John P. Durbin, D.D., 1*s.* 6*d.*

WANDERINGS of a PILGRIM, in the Shadow of Mont Blanc and the Jungfrau Alp, by Dr. Cheever, 1*s.* 6*d.*

ILLUSTRIOUS MECHANICS, (The BOOK of) of Europe and America, 1*s.* 6*d.*

LIFE on the OCEAN, or Thirty Years at Sea: by George Little, 1*s.* 6*d.*

CLARKE'S TRAVELS in Russia, Tartary and Turkey, illustrated with a fine steel engraving, 2*s.*

LOITERINGS in EUROPE; or, Sketches of Travel in France, Belgium, Switzerland, Italy, Austria, Prussia, Great Britain, and Ireland. With an Appendix, containing observations on European Charities and Medical Institutions, by John W. Corson, M. D. 1*s.* 6*d.*

The PROSE WRITERS of AMERICA, by Rufus Wilmot Griswold, 1*s.* 6*d.*

RURAL LETTERS, by N. Parker Willis, 1*s.* 6*d.*

A PILGRIMAGE to TREVES through the Valley of the Meuse and the Forest of Ardennes, by C. E. Anthon, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The AMERICAN in ENGLAND, by A. Slidell Mackenzie, author of "A Year in Spain." 1*s.* 6*d.*

JOURNAL of an AFRICAN CRUISER; comprising sketches of Madeira, Sierra Leone, and other places of interest on the West Coast of Africa, 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE of WASHINGTON, by James K. Paulding 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE of PAUL JONES, 1*s.* 6*d.*

LIFE in AMERICA; or, the Wigwam and the Cabin, 1*s.* 6*d.*

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD, by Goldsmith, 1*s.* 6*d.*

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS in ROME: by Dr. KIP, 1*s.*

TRAVELS in AMERICA; by Dr. Dwight, 1*s.*

MODERN HISTORY, from the French of M. Michelet, 1*s.*

The HISTORY OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS, by Jacob Abbott. 1*s.* 6*d.*

CHAPTERS

IN THE

HISTORY OF A LIFE.

BY JANUARY SEARLE.

AUTHOR OF

"LIFE OF ELLIOTT," "LEAVES FROM SHERWOOD FOREST," &c. &c.

THESE ARE THE EXUVIÆ WHICH I CAST BEHIND ME IN MY ONWARD COURSE; AS SNAKES SHED THEIR SKINS IN THE WARM SUNSHINE OF SPRING.

LONDON:

CHARLES GILPIN, 5, BISHOPSGATE STREET.

MDCCCL.

TO FREDERIC SCHWANN, ESQ.,

PRESIDENT OF THE HUDDERSFIELD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION.

HAIL, THOU TRUE FRIEND OF MAN AND HIS EMPRISE!
DOER OF GOOD, AND LOVER OF THE WISE;
IN WHOM THE ORPHAN AND THE WIDOW LONE,
A BENEFACTOR AND A FATHER OWN,
WHOSE LIFE IS ONE GREAT SACRIFICE OF LOVE,
OBEDIENT TO THY MAKER'S WILL ABOVE;
WHOSE NOBLE DUTIES ARE ALL NOBLY DONE,
HAIL! AND ACCEPT THE HOMAGE THOU HAST WON,
FOR THOU ART FIRST IN EVERY HOLY FIGHT
FOR FREEDOM, TEMPERANCE, EDUCATION, RIGHT;
BUILDING HISTORIC HOPES OF HIGH IMPORT,
FOR MAN, WHEN TRUTH HER TRIUMPHS SHALL HAVE WROUGHT;
AND DARING IN HER CAUSE THY SWORD TO WIELD,
THOU GREAT GOD'S NOBLEMAN OF HUDDERSFIELD.

SEPTEMBER 22, 1849.

CONTENTS.

	PAGE.
LOVE AND BEAUTY	13
THE AWAKENING, LECTURE I ...	26
" II ...	48
" III ...	72
CHILDHOOD	84
REMINISCENCES OF SHERWOOD FOREST,	
" PART I ...	88
" II ...	120
THE FOREST SUNSET	128
ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE	129
THE BRIDGE OF DEATH	135
A MAY-DAY ORATION	139
THE TRANSCENDENTALISM OF LEEDS ...	167
THE GALÁ	189
HYMN TO MAY	203
THE RELIGIOUS FACULTY	204
A MOORLAND DITTY	213
HUNGARY	214
PROVIDENCE	ib.

CHAPTERS

IN

THE HISTORY OF A LIFE.

LOVE AND BEAUTY.

THAT a man should live in the world without love is neither good nor profitable; for love is as necessary to the full development and maturity of man, as sunshine is to corn, fruits, and flowers. It is the innermost depth of existence; and the source of all true fruition, not only in the physical, but in the spiritual life. As the warm kisses of the sun quicken the beautiful bosom of nature into violet births, and the blossoming foliage of woods and orchards, so do the glances of vestal eyes awaken the soul of man to the hidden wonders of being, and fill his heart with ecstasies, and infinite yearnings. And although, at this late hour of time, one may well despair of beholding the Seer who shall penetrate the great secrets, and expound the true nature and process of love's development, yet we have all felt its power, and partaken of its baptisms and holy sacraments. Still, we have by no means made the most of this divine visitation, nor entered into the

depths of its wisdom and admonishment. For love has a higher mission than that of binding two hearts together, in order to make a marriage for progeny; although this is, doubtless, its primary aim in relation to the sexes. But no one can call to mind his early feelings, under the influence of this passion, without confessing that he then loved for the first time, and that his whole soul vibrated to all earthly and heavenly sympathies. And since love has so supreme and beneficent a power over us, we are thereby warned, as I have already said, that it is the true element of life, in which a man can alone grow. For he in whom love dwells, when he has been purified by thought and sorrow, stands, as it were, in the Presence of the Most High, and becomes the exponent of God to man. Hence the true poet is always the true lover, whose great hospitable nature warms the world with its genial fires. The rareness of such men, however, should not hinder us from accepting those hints of our destiny which that love between the sexes brings to all the wise.

In the meanwhile, Nature, who will not have her young children prematurely wise, begins her first training of them in the mysteries of love by means of beautiful bodies and organs. These she arrays with all the flowers and vermeils of poesy, and then, with jealous cunning, leaves the natural instincts to their mutual attractions. For beauty is the School, as well as the Paradise of Love, wherein the sweet deliriums of the soul are chastened, at last, into divine blessedness.

We will look, therefore, into the history of this universal empire, and note some portion of its facts and records.

In the first May morning of love, when the

young man goes forth alone, to rejoice over the beauty of his chosen maid, and revel in the bliss of his own rapturous emotions, what a divine enchantment seems to rest upon the face of the earth, and what wonderful recollections come over him, like the visions of a forgotten experience! He is entranced amid the witcheries of a new existence, which is not new to him, but old as an eternal life. So high are his beatitudes, that he is too great for speech, and the silence of eternity seems not large enough for the fruition of his ecstasy. He wanders amongst the trees at midnight, and he hears angel-voices calling to him out of the winds and clouds. And then, when the mighty spirit of the immeasureable worlds takes possession of his nature, he thrills with the pain of unutterable melody, and all his glorious visions and illuminations find embodiment, at last, in poetry and song.

For love is the essential harmony of the human soul with that of Nature; and this is the reason why the lover writes in numbers, and speaks of his beloved in metaphors. Indeed, all high thoughts and pure deep emotions, refuse to be expressed in any other than tuneful language. And seeing that love carries a man upwards, so near to God, we need not wonder that the eyes of Nature shine with such lustrous meanings through the phantasy of the Lover. For love is the key to all truth and mystery, and unlocks the kingdom of the invisible world. It is the voice likewise, which speaks through all oracles; the only voice that lives for ever and ever: because it is the utterance of that divine harmony I have spoken of, out of which truth and beauty are born.

Thus the very commencement of the lover's experience is prophetic of his ultimate destiny. He

does not disturb himself, however, with any occult enquiries into the nature of his emotions, but cherishes them with thankfulness and pious joy. His love is a religion, and not a philosophy; and she who has awakened the celestial light within him, is the Holy Virgin of his idolatry. She attends him in his daily walks, and the thought of her charms all the sorrow from the stars, and makes the night holy. Nature everywhere speaks to him, in symbols of his beloved. The running brook, the shadowy moonshine, the flowers, the grass, and the trees, are the living celebration of his love. He knows not by what invisible magic he and Nature have come so truly to understand and interpret each other; and yet he feels that his position is not strained, but true and natural. What fine things he could utter if that dear one were only present to hear him! And then when she does come to him, or when by any chance or necessity they meet together, how silent he is, with all that music in his soul!

I will introduce here what an old friend and fellow-student of mine once wrote me on this subject.

"How beautiful, how divine," he says, "is this Myth of Venus! this chaste virgin of man's heart, as she rises from the unknown sea, in all the nakedness of womanhood. The rising sun gilds the mountain tops with burnished fire, and flings his richest colouring over the sky, deeper, and yet more deep, until all the heavenly horizon flames at last with rosy burnings, and the distant clouds trail their draperies in blazonments of gold and azure. This is the moment when Venus seems divine; for the pageantry of the sky is mirrored in the waveless sea below, and she rides gloriously there upon her throne of shells. The salt brine glitters like pearls upon her shoulders, and flashes like stars in her

streaming hair. Her eyes are full of purity and tenderness; and odours drop from her bosom like the breath of violets. We look into those wonderful eyes and feel how blessed it were to gaze therein for ever. She fills the air with rapture, and we hear invisible melodies floating by us. Yet we neither beckon nor retreat from her. Immeasurable distances, sanctities, and silences, separate us; and she vanishes away on the retiring wings of the morning."

And this fine rhapsody—if my young friends will read it aright—may be regarded as a true symbolism of love, on its first awakening in the heart. Here is worship of the Beautiful for Beauty's sake, and Nature hides therein her own final satisfactions. The young soul contemplates itself in the image of the village maiden; for every maiden is a Venus in disguise, and has her own religious and inviolable precincts. She also sails on a mystic sea, heaven watching over her, and the earth rejoicing in her presence. There is indeed, a mutual halo around both sexes the moment they are transfigured by the power of love. And this halo survives so long as the transfiguration. Whilst the ideal beauty is preserved in the sanctuary of young hearts, there are boundless adoration, and deep ecstatic joy for them. But no sooner does the pure morning vanish, and the hot midday of passion come with its molten fires, than the divine ecstasy of love is converted into mere animal desire, impurity, and ravishment. With some persons, however, the morning never ends; but morning and evening are one bright day of beauty and of love. This is the true fulfilment of the ideal of life. The morning glad with jubilant thanksgivings, and the pious hooded evening with anthems and twilight prayers. In other words, love should be kindled on the mountain tops of the

morning—become central fire in the midday—and a sanctifying sorrow in the evening.

There is at all events no escaping the necromancy of love. In one form or other she captures us unawares, and puts us in a prison of ravishment. And although few persons know love in her highest moods, yet her presence is felt alike in the cottage and the palace, and no liberty is so sweet as the bondage she imposes. I well remember how often I used to meet her in the meadows, when in my young days I went cowslipping with the village maidens, and how rapturously I resigned myself to heavenly keeping. There is something in this retrospection of my early days which reminds me of immortality; ; for I cannot recall the vision of those fair, innocent faces which I then loved so purely, without strange emotions, which seem to belong to other and fairer worlds than this. Childhood, indeed, separates itself from us like a distinct existence, the farther we advance through the realities of life. The same maiden whom love transfigured for us in our youth; in whose eyes there was more beauty than in all the stars; whose voice was sweeter than Apollo's lute; and whose whole presence was sacred like an angel's, would scarcely inspire us now with any other than a traditional love. For the world is no longer young to us as it then was, nor radiant with the same heavenly glory; and we too are changed, both in appearance and reality. Yet the memory of those early days, and sweet appointments, and sudden meetings, when love first awakened within us, and threw open the flood-gates of the infinite to our souls, haunts us with an almost alien and supernatural visitation. Those days and feelings were sweeter whilst they lasted than dew-drops upon the

flowers of Hermon; yet they will return no more. But love never dies. She adapts herself to all natures, and will not lose one inch of sovereignty. She comes to the gentle girl, and the passionate woman, and the strong rude man, alike; and so silent is her entrance, that until we feel her lying upon our hearts, we know not of her presence. It is strange how this wondrous, invisible love, exalts and beautifies the race. No person is insignificant, no thing nor creature is mean and low, when regarded through love's golden and coloured medium. For love, like light, is the beneficient artist that endows and ennobles all it touches. I have seen the face of the churl beam under its influence like the orient heaven; and that of the miser lose all its sepulchral glare, and fairly shine with its borrowed lustre. The savagest man, whom no force can tame into social allegiance, when killed by the mystic torch, must suddenly bow before the shrine of love, and surrender his nature to her like a meek and obedient child.

I dare not trust myself to speak of those deeper emotions when two souls are plighted and affianced, and mingle like melodies together. For there are secrets in the history of this passion which may not be uttered without a betrayal of the sanctities of nature. Love's language is fit for no other ears than those of the lover; for love is its own interpreter of that divine harmony which it hath, and is; and he who loves not, would misunderstand its meaning. I will not, therefore, play the part of the spy and the traitor, but content myself with the affirmation of the lover's true nobility. He is, of all men, nearest to the heart of Nature and the truth of existence. For love's overshadowings generate within the soul all goodness and gene-

rosity, and makes a man feel so like a god, that he desires nothing so much as a god's attributes, that he may become infinitely beneficent. I do not here speak of the sensual lover, who regards beauty as a commodity; but of him who feels it to be divine. It is the highest achievment, and the ultimate aim of love, to fill us with great emotions and godlike thoughts and deeds; and that is not love, but mere fiery instinct, which falls short of this. Love alone is capable of making earth a paradise, and of restoring humanity to its ideal. A little band of lovers would revolutionize the world. Man and woman mutually believing in the ideal of life, and loving the ideal more than the ripe human beauty in each other, would take the world captive by their example and mystic influence. If this appear visionary, it is because no man or woman has yet been found of a nature large and deep enough to embody it, as a truth, in the practises of life. For the lovers that we know, love not for ever. No Cleopatra, nor a Juno, can transfix them with immortal darts. And yet love's beatitudes are the supreme experiences. Why, then, is not love an everlasting fire, and a perpetual enthusiasm? *It is because we do not worship the ideal of beauty*—the virtue, holiness, and loveliness of the soul of beauty—*but pay our vows of adoration to the form of its embodiment.* We must rise from the contemplation of *beautiful forms*—if we would faithfully follow love in its highest teachings—to the study and reverence of *beautiful natures.* It is not in the power of the most enchanting woman, to enslave the soul so absolutely that it shall desire no deeper blessedness than to live for ever in the trances of her loveliness: for the soul once kindled with the celestial fire, cannot be satisfied with

any *actual* form, but yearns with blissful longings after *the ideal.* And thus it happens when the lover comes into frequent contact and long communions with his mistress, even though her beauty be altogether dazzling and overpowering, that he palls over the sensuous banquet, and flies for renewal to the solitudes of the fields and woods. He dares not confess his satiety and dissatisfaction, even to himself; and yet already he feels like an orphan, and wails with mournful *threnes* on the bosom of the infinite. It only when virtue and purity, and the nameless moral grace of woman, shine through the apparition of her beauty, that we feel how strong a hold love gives us of the Eternal Verities.

And here we find the basis of all true marriage unions. We are attracted first of all by beautiful persons, and soon discover that all Persons are evanescent, and that Virtue, which is alone beautiful, is alone eternal. Hence the stability which marriage gives to society and human life. For now that love's raptures are ended, comes the quiet reign of happiness and duty. And although the sharp points of character which love could not see before, will certainly show themselves in marriage, yet, as time wears on, so will these antagonisms soften and disappear.

Let the lover marry, therefore, and be a lover still. So much is involved in this injunction, that a man had better never to have been, than marry and cease to love. Independently of all the higher moral considerations, there is this: That beauty is the offspring of love; deformity of sensualism and indifference. I never see a crazy, or an ugly distorted humanity, but I know the secret of his misery. Like begets its likeness. If men were sufficiently learned in the lore of beauty, deformity would soon

die out of the world. But I am not ignorant that the Greek era of England is yet far off; and that, in the meanwhile, love must go blind, and humanity need crutches.

Neither the moral nor the physiological analysis of love and beauty, however, will win much favour from the youths and maidens. He who would speak for them, must bring songs and flowers, not disquisitions and homilies. Beauty is the natural desire of youth; and one tender heart to love, is the rainbow of its existence and the consummation of its hopes. And yet the end of all love is a divine teaching. For every man's heart is a Magic Lodge, where the inner laws of life, and all spiritual transformations, are hieroglyphically written. Let us not disregard, therefore, the luminous ciphers of love, for they are the mystic alphabet of the sacred Book of Life; and the first and last revelation which they unfold to us, is that of purity; without which there can be no progressive developments of life. And as the beauty of the sexes is the great awakener of those divine enthusiasms which illuminate the darkest foundations of man's being, so we should be especially watchful against degrading beauty to the service of sense, and preserve it always for the ministry of the spirit. I will confess to a sort of Epicurianism in the beauty of human faces, and keep a picture gallery of such in my deepest memory. I have some there like Raphael's angels, floating in celestial garments; and others before whom Hebe might blush, and Aurora hide herself under the golden draperies of the morning. But it is only when love is pure and holy—when it looks with seraphic eyes upon beauty, regarding it as a Living Spiritual Presence, a harmonious assemblage of all the stars and flowers,

the graces and the infinitudes in one celestial Virgin Body, radiating themselves in unspeakable, divine loveliness—that man is truly carried away with the wonder and glory of Beauty. Let one profane thought intrude into the sanctuary of his worship, and the luminous idol of his heart envelopes itself with darkness, and crumbles into ashes.

For Man and Woman are God's highest indwelling temples, and his presence is never more gloriously manifested than in truthful and loving hearts. I would that every one were fully imprest with the solemnity of life, and the ideal of humanity and duty. Those visions of the sacredness of beauty which comes over us in the first love of youth, should ripen into real convictions as we grow up with years. But I am ashamed to think how the highest Vestals in the soul's sanctuary may be profaned by the gaze of inlooking, shaggy, and obscene Satyrs; how the lewd mouth can violate the most sacred names, and convert the divinest themes into ribald jests and foul transformations. "One would think," says the friend already quoted, "in looking over the theories of love, so rife in this realm of Satyrdom, that Beauty was nothing but a harlot, and Love her impudent torch-bearer. Woman, with her beautiful, mystic, unfathomable eyes; her wondrously moulded body; in whose deepest soul are hidden such magic and tenderness; whose love is stronger than death; who has woke the profoundest melodies in man's nature, and carried him to heaven on the wings of her love; has not only been theorized upon as a useful minister to the pleasures and lusts of these Bestials—whom it were a high blasphemy against humanity to call by the name of men—but she has been regarded, after the most serious deliberation and judgment, to be *fit* for

nothing else. As if God made woman of such angelic proportions, and set her joints in such rich jewels, and placed an illimitable heart under her marvellous bosom, for no other purposes than those of impurity. I think," he adds, "if anything were wanting to make me believe in a Devil, these theories would complete the necessary evidence."

But do thou, O woman! have faith in thyself, and in the holiness of thy Father in Heaven, who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity and suffer it to go unpunished. Believe in the high purposes of thy existence. Believe that thou art here to exalt man by thy beauty and chastity; to ennoble him by thy love; to cheer him by thy kindness and smiles; to soften him by thy tenderness, and assist him by thy counsels. Thou art the Mother of Men! and shalt stand in no other relationship with them, save that of the true and pure wife. Think of the Virgin Mother, and her divine offspring; and be thou like her, that thou also may bring forth Images of God, who shall give hope to the weary, and new joy and glad tidings to the world. When love meets beauty for such issues, it has achieved the great purposes of nature in the creation of the sexes.

And thus we are led on by beautiful forms, to the contemplation of Beauty itself; and to this consummation tend all the early and mediatorial delights of love. As the autumnal fruit of reason ripens within us, we come to venerate the symbol less, and begin a new May-time of immortal love for the truth which it represents. And thus those deep emotions and tempestuous passions which the sweet Virginhood of woman awakens within us, are but the first agitations of that deep infinite existence, which, after many storms and conflicts, settles

into calm serenity, and merges at last into the being of God. For when we are thus enfranchised from the dominion of matter and form, and stand triumphant in the region of the Ideal, we see that Truth and Duty are alone divine; and that the secret cunning of Nature, in arraying the sexes with such wondrous garments of beauty, was not only to facilitate her own ends in their creation, but to quicken them with divine insights, and develope them for the highest spiritual conquests.

THE AWAKENING:

OR, HUMAN CULTURE IN ITS RELATION TO HUMAN LIFE.

A LECTURE.

I THINK the time is now come when the members of this Institution may be very properly directed to a consideration of higher and more important subjects than those which have usually been brought before them on this platform. If we rightly estimate the fact, that upwards of one thousand students pass through various classes every week, we shall feel that a great responsibility devolves upon the directors and teachers of these students, and that something more is required of them than the mere objective training which is afforded by the study of science, languages, and art, or by the delivery of popular lectures upon a given department of knowledge. And although I do not desire, in any wise, to undervalue such training, or to infringe in the smallest particular upon its legitimate provinces, still there is another kind of discipline—or perhaps I shall more truly signify my meaning if I say '*awakening*'—which seems to me of the first importance, not only to you, but to all students, and to all men.

Upon this '*awakening*,' therefore, I propose now to speak, and inasmuch as what I have to say will

be new, and perhaps incredible, to most of you, it will be necessary that those who truly wish to understand the subject, should place themselves in the condition of recipients, and duly ponder, in the retirement of their own closets, the words they may this evening hear concerning it.

For you must bear in mind that this subject does not belong to the surfaces of thought, nor can it be apprehended at all without previous meditation and culture, if we except those rare instances of genius in whom it dwells as an intuition, or to whom it comes as an inspiration. You must put aside, therefore all hope of seizing, in this passing hour, the ideas which are involved in it, and await the future issues. If any gleam of its reality, however, should now fall, like sunshine, upon your understandings, I will exhort you to hold fast by that light as if it were the very pillar of God, and to rest not until you have come to clearer vision of it. Nay, if you be worthy of its revelations, it will not suffer you to rest until they are unfolded within you; but if after the first glimpse, you suffer it to die out of you like a foolish fire, I can only say that you will have cheated yourselves of an eternal heritage.

And here you will doubtless desire to know what I mean by the word, '*awakening*,' which seems to hold in it such mystery and momentous import. But in this preliminary stage of the discourse, I am by no means certain that I could convey to your minds any other than a very imperfect conception of it, for it is one of those UNNAMEABLE truths which can only be realized in its fulness by an actual possession. I do not, however, despair of rendering its meaning to some of you with more or less distinctness, before I conclude although at present it refuses

to stand exprest by any signs or language at my command.

You are not to think by this saying, that I am apologizing, after the manner of the mystics, for being unable to solve my own riddle; apology in this high matter would avail nothing either for you or me; but patience, and calm waiting for such solution as may be forthcoming, are what I would, once more impress upon you as the conditions of a true hearing.

First of all, therefore, by the term '*Awakening*,' I mean a peculiar state in the mind and being of man. I wish, here, simply to announce this state *as a fact* of human experience, and not to speak further upon it. In the course of the argument, we shall have to enquire what is this '*awakening*' and TO WHAT it awakens us?

The life of man exhibits itself under two aspects, which I shall here call *subjective* and *objective*. All human manifestations in the external world belong to the latter aspect; and the ideas of which these manifestations are the representatives, as well as those which relate (in popular phraseology) to God and Duty, belong to the former aspect. This general classification of the Life of Man into *thinking* and its *manifestations*—or in other words, thinking and doing—is likewise true as an individual classification. For although man distributed into societies, has a manifold character, and varies in his culture and faculties, yet he is always and every where *essentially* the same.

But the fact that there is so much variety in human thinking upon all the great concernments of life and duty, and so distinctive a character in the manifestations of this variety, is conclusive evidence that men, for the most part, do not live in

the *realities*, but in the *mere semblances* of being: that is, they are not possest by those divine ideas which have radiated themselves forth in the lives of all great and good men—these ideas alone constituting the true life; but they are guided by mere impulse, or a vulgar traditional morality, in neither of which is there any vital root or growth. By far the larger portion of mankind, do not suspect the existence of these ideas, nor believe, therefore, in the profundity of the common nature. Nay, I appeal to the experience of those who now hear me, whether they have ever been penetrated by the consciousness of the mystery and sanctity of life—of *their* life! whether, in short, they have ever regarded themselves otherwise than as hewers of wood and drawers of water, sent upon earth to eat and drink and die, and go they know not where? In some instances there have been, perhaps, higher views and deeper insights than these into the nature and destiny of man, for I am not ignorant of the gospel of the pulpit and the teachings of the press. But the consciousness I allude to is not of a transitory nature, but of an abiding, all-penetrating, all-sustaining power, which penetrates the very roots of being, and nourishes them until they grow up unto eternal life. Such consciousness is rare. For the teaching which prevails in this day, is unhappily too shallow and negative to reach the soul of man; and the reason is simply this:—that the teachers have not themselves attained to that consciousness. Now, true teaching can only come from the true teacher. No man can impart to others what he does not himself possess, and hence, from the general ignorance which prevails, there is so little divine reality amongst us, and so much semblance of the divine.

Even in the higher and more cultivated circles, where morals and duty are professedly based upon the religious element, we seldom or never meet with a divine *person*—with one who truly lives and moves, and has his very being, in that element. There is a great deal of *talk* about this life, but we look in vain for the *life itself*, in strokes of character, and beautiful, godlike deeds. Hence we see that persons may have vague ideas of the subjective secrets, and never realize them in any vital way.

I proceed now to deal with the life phases, and for several reasons will first speak of the *objective* phase. You will remember my general definition of the terms 'subjective' and 'objective.' Man is Subject; and all that is *not* man—that has an independent existence, viz., man's works, and the whole external world, are Object.

With the metaphysical questions concerning sensation, and the origin of ideas, we have nothing to do in this place, nor with the reality, or ideality, of the outer world. This world is real enough to most of us, and in the metaphysical sense, it is the great teacher and developer of the faculties of man. Popularly speaking, we derive all knowledge from this source; that is, nature presents us with her material forms and substances, which, when we have duly examined them, we *know* to be such. Only do not fall into the error that these forms and substances are *in themselves* knowledge, for they are its materials only. All 'knowing' lies in Man, not in Nature; and knowledge is the result of the faculty of knowing brought into relation with adapted circumstances.

Thus the first education we get is objective; consists in knowing the external world. Bye and bye we come to reflect upon the knowledge we have

thus attained, and reduce it to *law*. This is a still higher mental operation than that by which we acquire knowledge itself; and is, so to speak, farther removed from the objective world, because in this instance the mind acts independently of direct external causation upon memory; that is, the knowledge of a previous sensational experience. Still, although in the strict sense of the term all thinking is subjective, I shall here exclude this latter and relative process from the subjective phase, for I intend to consider that phase in quite another light.

In fact, all intellectual operations which bear reference only to objective truth (such as the law of science), *and do not penetrate into their ulterior purpose or divine significance* are henceforth to be regarded in this argument as objective reflections. Indeed this seems to be the true definition of such operations.

Now, the generality of men are merely *objective reflectors*. They are learned in the lore of physics, and can build you true machines and factories; they are well acquainted with trade and commerce, and know how to buy cheap and sell dear according to the profoundest wisdom of political economy—but they know nothing of the great *underworld* whereon this vast superstructure is reared. And yet, with all its awful secrets and splendours, it lies in the deepest nature of every one of them. At present, however, in relation to this world, they are somnambulists walking in a black midnight dream. What is still worse, alas! they are by no means aware that they are sleeping at all, but think themselves wide enough awake. And mark! so long as they do think so, they will never attain to that '*awakening*' which I have before announced as the great fact in all human experience. Over man and

the world in their objective state, it seems as though an enchanted veil were thrown, through which nothing can be seen, save brute material forms and appearances. All men in this state remind me of the riddle of the Sphynx. Nature comes in the Sphynxine form to them—half woman, half beast—and it is the bestial only which they understand of her, not the divine womanly bosom, and those dark mystic eyes, so full of melancholy meanings. In short, whilst man is regarded *as a profane incarnation*—which must be the case whilst he is imprisoned in the state I am now describing—there *can* be no hope of his arriving at any deeper and truer insights into the mystery of life. Nay, he laughs at such mystery, and enquires with very triumphant raillery, How much a cart-load of it would fetch in the public market? a question to which there can be no sufficient answer to such man. Still the question lets us in to the mind of the man, and we can easily determine his longitude and latitude. The world, and all it contains, are valuable to him only as uses and commodities. This, in very literal words, is the amount of appreciation which the rude objective man entertains for the Image, and for the Universe, of God!

Between the objective and the subjective world of man, there lies a mediatorial world, which KANT, the celebrated German philosopher, has called the "*esthetic*" world. I will here consider it under the objective head; because, although its operations are of a subtler nature than those of the ordinary objective reflections, it clearly belongs rather to them than to those of the subjective.

By the "*esthetic*" world, I mean the world of feeling and taste; or to speak more philosophically, that state of the mind of man which results from a

culture of the Beautiful, whether in nature, art, or social manners and deportment. And although I am aware that this definition does not exhaust the esthetic signification, still it may here serve my immediate purpose.

The objective man, I have said, regards the world and all it contains, as mere commodity, to be converted to use; he likewise regards nature as mere dead matter, through which no Divine meanings look into his soul. This is clearly not the true state of Man, but the superficial state of the animal-man, very little removed from the constructive beaver. I have likened this condition to a sleep; the poor sleeper dreaming that his visions are the highest Apocalypse of Nature! The living Universe, whose many signs and voices have found such noble and inspired interceptions amongst the Prophets and Poets of the world, has no intelligence *for him*; the stars shine *on him* in vain; the surges of the infinite sea roar round him for ever, and yet *he* hears them not; the thunder and the storm, and the lightning, do not awaken *him*; he is the vassal of the Phenomenal, and not its master. Where the Awakened Man rejoices with love and gratitude in his participation of the secrets of nature, *he* is awed and terrified by her manifestations, and trembles beneath them as if he saw in his sleep the dreadest nightmare phantasms. This, then, is *not* the true state of Man; for the present and the past furnish us with many instances of a truer development. The "*esthetic*," for example, is a near approach to such development, and borders the confines of that dread "*awakening*" which forms my subject. Let me now explain more fully, by familiar illustration, what I mean by the esthetic development.

Literally speaking, the science of "esthetics" belongs to the region of feelings; and its province is so to cultivate the feelings that they may attain to that permanent condition denominated *taste*. In a still higher sense it signifies the FULL PLAY of all the faculties when they are well educated and balanced. In this case it is *the flowering of the whole Nature of Man*, and comprehends the subjective, as well as the objective states. The purity and truth of esthetic culture will depend, in a very large measure, upon the original susceptibility of the individual nature; although every man is more or less capable of such culture. I cannot, here, enter into the depths of my subject, and show the internal process by which the esthetic state is developed in a given mind. Let us try, however, if we can get a glimpse of it in the following instance. A rude, uncultivated man is suddenly brought into the presence of a gallery of pictures, same of them are true works of art; landscapes so subdued and quiet that the spirit of nature seems to sleep in their midst; while others are so full of errors in their composition, distortions, and vulgar colouring, that they are utterly worthless. Which picture would most attract such a man; Clearly those which has the most display; for he is ignorant of the laws of beauty and art. But let some experienced person accompany him, for a given time, to these pictures, and explain the defects of those he most admires, comparing them with others of a high and true character, and he will gradually learn to distinguish the true from the false in art; the sense of beauty and proportion will awaken within him; his taste will be cultivated; he will become to this extent, esthetically educated.

In short, whenever from a contemplation of the

sensuous forms of nature, man feels the spirit of beauty breaking in upon his mind, he realized the process of esthetic development; and when by long habit and culture this feeling—in all its relations to poetry, art, and human life—has taken full possession of him, he becomes esthetically developed.

Now this state, when it is achieved by the objective man, advances him one step nearer to what I call the '*awakening*;' and although this '*awakening*' in some solitary cases comes first, and inverts the order of the progress I am now considering, still, in common instances, this is the law of that progress, namely: That the esthetic state shall precede the '*awakening*.'

Yet you must bear in mind that there can be no true rest for man as a mere lover of the beautiful. The esthetic region is an Enchanted ground, but it is not the Holy Land; and yet the connection between the two is like that of Bridegroom and Bride. To all progressive scholars there can be no such thing as divorcing them. The true scholar goes on his way like the pilgrim of good JOHN BUNYAN, and passes from the city called 'Beautiful,' over the 'delectable mountain,' into the Celestial Empire. For there is a deeper and a more sublime world in man's nature than that of the esthetic. You must pass through the former, but when you are once '*awake*,' you must dwell in the latter. You will then find, if it should ever be your happy lot to complete this circle of your destiny, that the Objective, Esthetic, and Subjective states, and their true development, are the perfected answer and solution of the human riddle.

I have said, 'That when by long habits of culture the feeling of the beautiful, in all its relations to poetry, art, and human life, has taken full posses-

sion of a man, he becomes esthetically developed;' and having already briefly alluded to this feeling in relation to Art, I will now speak of it in relation to Poetry and Human Life, in order that you may the more clearly perceive its immense importance as a moral pioneer.

No man can be a true poet without this feeling; and none can be a true poet if he have no deeper hold of nature than that which this feeling gives him. For poetry in its essential attributes is rooted in the Infinite; and is, literally, the Music of God flowing through the Soul of a Man. The feeling of the beautiful is but one of the many invisible strings upon which this music plays, in its course towards vocal utterance. Far beneath *it*, and the whole empire of taste and sentiment, lie the dread regions of *Eternal Moral Truth*, in which, if a man enters not, he is none of God's as a poet. For it is the office of the true poet not only to elevate, but to *interpret* nature for us, and man's life; to unfold the wonder and mystery in which we and all things are embosomed, and to proclaim new truth and duty to the world. We cannot, so far as we are concerned, too soon discard those degrading ideas which have, for so long a time, clung around the nature and vocation of the poet. There is no higher man in the world than the proper Poet. But for the Rhymster and the Byronic Babbler, and all the host of men who play their penny trumpets in high places and low places, I have no word of apology. I now give you my definition of the offices of the poet. The elevation of nature into beauty, belongs to the poet as an Esthetic; the interpretation of nature and the life of man, to the poet as Seer; the proclamation of truth and duty, to the poet as Priest: And the execution of these trifold offices constitutes the mis-

sion of the true poet, who, as such, is the embodiment and minister of them all.

But there is a great difference between *a* true and *the* true poet. The latter is the man of a thousand years; the former of a century: Because in the one instance it requires a rare combination of faculties and genius, such as God does not see fit to manifest except after long intervals of time; and in the other the conditions are not so large, nor the requirements so universal. Thus the esthetic poet may deal with the beauty and colouring, the fleeting forms and varied structures of the outer world, and if he faithfully follow his vision, he may lift, by his enthusiasm, many lower persons to the heights whereon he stands. The limitation of a poet has nothing to do with his integrity as a poet, and the same truth holds good with regard to all men, as men. I name none of the limited instances, but merely remark that DANTE, SHAKSPEARE, and MILTON, as poets, belong to the everlasting.

If, therefore, I should be addressing any one to whom nature is no longer material and savage, but beautiful and gentle as a mother, I say to such a person, Be careful to cherish this feeling within you; let the beauty of nature dwell in your hearts until you truly love her; and night after night lie down upon her awful bosom. Then she will haunt you with dreams and visions, and perplex you with the great questions, for the solution of which you must look deeply into your own bosoms. You, and nature, at the instance of these questions, must struggle together in love until one of you become the master. If at last you stand discomfited before her, and say with ANTIGONE, 'She is the man, not I,' it will be a sad issue of a great and momentous business; but if you can reverse that saying, then

you may rejoice with unspeakable joy, and will be henceforth your own Oracle, and your own Interpreter.

From what I have now said upon the esthetic state in its relation to poetry, you will easily understand what I have to say upon it in its relation to human life. For the proper poet, in his trifold development, is but the utterer of those mystic thoughts and truths which the less favoured scholar, who may nevertheless have attained that development has no power to speak. I insist much upon the necessity of esthetic culture, for under any and all circumstances there is no doing without it; and in society it makes all the difference between Savagery and Civilization. I do not mean to say there can be no *greatness* without it, but clearly there can be no *polish* without it. We see greatness in the Hebrew bards, and polish in the Helenic Greek; and a combination of the two would perfect the model nature of a man. I am not discussing, however, its relative value, as compared with greatness; but take the subject itself, as it stands, upon its own merits. And in their proper sphere, these merits are far from small. Every person should aim, by all the means in his power, after that beauty of manner and demeanour which are always the result of esthetic culture in the social relations. But he can only achieve this by an esthetic development: that is, by the development of the sense of beauty in him, as a *law* to which all his words and actions must be assimilated, and by which they must be pervaded. This is especially incumbent upon young men, not only as a means of their social advancement, but as a means towards the true culture; and because nothing is more beautiful than a love of decorum in youth, when it is a real manifestation of the sense and law of beauty within them.

Regarding, as I do, all the objective and esthetic culture of man as means to the great end of his '*awakening*,' and the profound godlike life into which that '*awakening*' ushers him, I set great value upon these means, and am desirous, if possible, that some of you, at least, should see clearly this value, and rise from such vision into the freedom of absolute life. I must not, however, anticipate results; indeed, this last spoken result cannot be forced into premature birth. You must first awake before you can be born into it; and the travail is long and painful enough in most instances.

Courtesy and politeness are forms of the esthetic culture, and are indispensable adornments in society. They are likewise indications of something deeper and truer than adornment; for they imply self-respect, and a recognition of the respect that is due to others. Rude and uncouth manners are the signs of barbaric nature, and proclaim the objective man; that is, the man who has not ceased to regard nature and all human manifestations as *force*, to which he must oppose *force*. The esthetic man carries everything before him, in life and conversation, by his obedience to the law of beauty; he is therefore the true Lord of Society. The former, for the want of this esthetic culture, gives way to fierce and vindictive speech whenever his self-love or his more tempestuous passsions are stirred within him; whilst the other, although he may experience the same storm and confusion, of passion, will not suffer it to escape him, but restrains it by the esthetic judgment.

As a means of higher culture, therefore—or in other words, as a phase of human progress towards the *highest* culture, this esthetic state is as indispensable as it is necessary. It is the outer portal of

of the great temple of the absolute and the infinite. There are two things to be noticed here, which you must carefully bear in mind.

First, that the esthetic state proves the independence of man as *subject* from matter as object.

In his purely objective state, man is merely *conscious* of the existence of matter through his sensations; matter is not yet *object* to him, because he is not yet developed as *subject;* he is merely *passive.** But when perception, conception and reflection—which are independent acts of the mind—succeed sensation, and the idea of beauty awakens within him, matter arises into the resurrection of form and expression, and literally becomes the *object* of the esthetic *subject.* He sees that matter is not in *him,* but *out of* and *beyond* him; and that he, by the independent exercise of his faculties, has invested matter with beauty. Beauty, therefore, is not in matter, but in man, as the result of free contemplation; hence it follows that man is independent as *subject,* from matter as *object.*

The importance of this proof of man's independence, in its bearing upon his freedom and responsibility as a moral being, will be readily seen; and for this purpose I have now adduced it. Every succeeding step will bring us nearer to the '*awakening,*' where we shall soon arrive. And as a necessary clearance of all obstruction to our advancement in this direction, and to our apprehension of the subject itself, I notice,

Second, that no purely esthetic act of the mind can have a moral origin.

I have defined the esthetic state, as that condition of the mind of man which results from an unfolding

* *Passively-alert,* would perhaps represent the fact better, although such expression involves a paradox.

of the sense of beauty within him, in its relation to poetry, art and human life. An esthetic mental act, therefore, cannot transcend the esthetic state, but must have its origin in that state. Let us now see what this act is, and in what it differs from a moral act.

We shall best accomplish this by illustrative examples. A man is tempted, we will suppose, to commit a dishonourable action, which promises at the time, to add largely to his outer advantage. But his feelings have been so cultivated by the law of beauty, and are so entirely subjected to it, that he immediately revolts from the deed, and masters his evil inclination to it, because of its nonconformity to the law of beauty. Now this act of the mind I call an esthetic act. For the process of the mind's judgment, as to the doing or not doing of the dishonourable deed, was conducted upon the law of beauty alone; that is, upon the unseemliness of the deed to the cultivated feelings, which were already under the control of that law. Suppose, on the other hand, the case of a man placed under an exactly similar temptation, who instead of immediately revolting at the perpetration of it, as a violation of the law of beauty and taste, is recalled to reason by the Voice of Duty and the overwhelming consciousness of the moral turpitude of the deed itself, we shall then have examples of the esthetic and moral mental acts before us, and shall readily discover their difference.

Both cases, however, are manifestations of individual freedom; but the former is the freedom of the feelings, the latter of the Moral Will and determination, the full consideration of which belongs to the last head of this discourse—the Subjective.

Now, he who has attained to the freedom of the

feelings by means of the esthetic culture, has demonstrated to himself that he has power in his own nature, over nature; that he has delivered her from the old aboriginal enchantment of matter, and set her at liberty—so far as he is concerned—in the regions of life and beauty. He has likewise freed himself, by that power which is in him, from the dominion of whatever is mean and low; and thus he stands on the highway towards the great '*awakening*. There is still, however, the possibility of his never arriving there—the possibility of his remaining through life in that first freedom alone; and then, properly speaking, he does not live at all. But if he be a faithful and earnest, instead of a vain and frivolous man, he cannot rest midway on the journey of his destiny, but will seek in endless efforts to traverse and master it. If once the idea of the '*awakening*' seize him, he must follow it whithersoever it leads. And this has always been the case with those high and lofty humanities that inhabit the eternities of God. Nor can any man tell whether he may, or may not, be one of those chosen organs of the divine life, until he has closed his career of progress and feels that life within him. The first and last Duty of Man, therefore is, *integrity to himself;* that is, he must be true to his nature as a Man, and seek to unfold it after the truth of God, in exact proportion as that truth takes possession of him. If it come to him in shadowy glimmerings, he is to struggle with all his faculties to dissipate the shadows, and behold it face to face. If it come clearly and distinctly to him, he must open his soul for its reception, and so guard his thoughts and deeds, that he may be a fit Temple for its Eternal dwelling-place.

But I find I am anticipating my subject. We

have already seen what constitutes esthetic freedom, and I have said there is a possibility of a man remaining in that freedom through life, and that then, properly speaking, he does not live at all. Sooner or later, the true man will discover this in a thousand ways as he progresses in development. He will at last say to himself, 'I have advanced thus far in my own culture, viz.: I can see and appreciate the beautiful in nature, poetry, art, and human life. I am affected by a good and generous deed; and I hate that which is ignoble and mean. I love the services of religion, for they fill me with beautiful emotions; but I feel, in my deepest heart, that there is something wanting there. I am like one who walks in the land of dreams, having no root in reality. There must be a truer basis in me than these emotions and feelings. What is that base? I conform my life to the law of beauty—to decorum and seeming uprightness. But is not my life all seeming—all dreams—in short? I have heard of Duty, Virtue, and of Religion that is not ceremony, which dwells not in the Feelings, but abides for ever in the Soul. These, then, are human experiences. Shall not I also strive to experience them? What hold have I at present of these things? Simply, none at all.'

These are the first voices of the human awakening. Until these questions are put by a man to his own soul, he is in deed and truth asleep. It may be long before they assume a distinct and definite answer within him; but once truly put, and truly resolved to be answered, his complete '*awakening*' is sure.

To what, then, is he awakened? The solution of this proposition belongs to the concluding part of my discourse, where I proposed to treat of the

second great phase of human life, viz.: the *Subjective.*

I remark here, that the foundation of the subjective life is a free *will*, or power of moral determination. I do not enter, in this place, into the discussion of human liberty, and necessity, in order to show by logical demonstration how I arrive at this conclusion, of the freedom of man's will. Such discussion does not come within the range of my limits. Nevertheless I do not speak without long and earnest thought of the matter, and full conviction of its truth. We saw, under the last head, how a man becomes esthetically free, and I again instance the fact, as a proof of independent *power* in a man, as subject, over matter as object. We saw indeed, that matter to become object *to* man, must become subject *in* man; a most sufficient proof of the independent power of man over matter, and the necessity of the existence of matter as an educator and developer of this power.

But the Free Will, or power of moral determination, which we are now to consider as the base of the subjective nature, is far different and immeasurably removed from the esthetic power. The former does not depend for its development upon any thing external, nor does it deal like the latter *with* externals, but concerns itself alone with the great invisible truths of God. It is the stern judge and arbiter of moral virtue and conduct. In this high Court of Judicature, all the mighty questions of time and eternity are pleaded and settled. And when once the *will* has attained strength and maturity, the whole man must obey its dictates.

But it may here be asked, How does the *will* attain this maturity?

This is another and deeper voice of the Awakened

Man. To feel within himself that his will is indeed free, is the first step to its perfected freedom. For he who is alive to the truth that he *is*, absolutely; and that, therefore, he possesses an absolute power over himself, for good or for evil, will (if he be a honest and sincere man) endeavour to exercise that power for good and not for evil. And this very endeavour will bring with it, day by day, new light and truth for his guidance. In the course of this moral development, he will doubtless many times enquire, What is good? what is evil? He already knows from experience of the past conditions of his humanity, that pleasure is not good; that he was not sent here for pleasure, nor for happiness, but for the stern performance of his duty to God and man, that so he may find blessedness. These experiences drive him to the contemplation of God as the great Archetype of perfection and all goodness. Then he discovers what is good and what is evil; and the Idea of God, once fully possest of his nature, carries him onward from height to height of moral vision, until at last he reaches the absolute Being where he and God are one in Will and Purpose. Thus it is that man's Will attains to godlike maturity and strength.

Now *being* underlies *existence*. A man may *exist* and not *be*—if you will accept my previous definition of the word Being, viz.; that absolute state of the man wherein he and God are one in will and purpose. But *being* is life, and existence is not life, but form and phantasm. Therefore, the great aim of human culture, in its relation to human life, should be to develope Being, which *is* life. All culture which does not propose this as its end, is base and worthless. All culture which does not accomplish this end, is a sorrowful failure. Man

has no root in time or eternity, until he attains to this; and when he does attain to it, he is, according to the oldest laws and necessities of heaven, *an immortal man.* But the barren and unprofitable fig-trees shall be, and are already, consumed with an unquenchable fire.

Such, in very feeble and imperfect words, are the ideas I entertain of the subjective life, the life in God—or more truly speaking, the God in Life; for 'God dwelleth in us, to will and to do his own good pleasure.'

We have now briefly to speak of the manifestation of the true or fully developed man in the world.

And here you will observe, that as the objective man commenced his experience from *without*, in the great University of Nature, so the true man, already fully developed, commences his manifestations of life from *within.* He does not concern himself with the results of his Will, when they have past into actions, nor is he in any way disturbed if they exceed, or fall short, of the vulgar expectation. It is his Eternal Life alone which occupies him; for he knows that every true moral determination in him, whatever may be its *outer* issues, adds to his spiritual largeness, expands his vision, and strengthens him with the bands of God. He is therefore jealous and watchful of his life; obeying the high behests of conscience, and paying no heed to the expediency or inexpediency of his deeds. He has faith in God's government of the world, and knows that what he does righteously, shall surely grow to righteous faith in the appointed time. The blind and foolish world will not fail to mark him as an eccentric, and perhaps an insane man; he is and must be so to them, now and ever-

more. He will not, on this accouut, pander to their low ideas, nor descend from his godlike state to amuse them with vain and empty words. If he speaks to them at all, his words will be bread of life, not bread of death. He knows their darkness and sad defacement; how the temple of their souls, designed to become the temple of the living God, has fallen into ruins, where mandrakes shriek, and all manner of unclean things inhabit. And therefore, by his great life, words, and deeds, he will stand before them a perpetual rebuke and admonishment.

Now this is the man whom I call Divine; and it matters not what duties he may have to fulfil, his divine nature will radiate itself around him, and he shall be blest and a blessing to the world. He is a perpetual preacher of the glad-tidings of God to all men; even though he never ascend the pulpit or mount the platform, or command the press. All stations and all conditions of life are alike sacred to him, for he is inwardly at peace with God; and though he were shut up in a dungeon, he would make it a paradise.

THE AWAKENING.

LECTURE II.

In my previous lecture on '*The Awakening*,' I spoke of three phases or states of existence, as completing the circle of human progress and development. I considered these phases under the three several heads; I. Objective, II. Æsthetic, III. Subjective: including, for given reasons, the Æsthetic under the Objective division of my discourse, and treating the Subjective as a phase distinct from both, although connected in a wonderful and mysterious manner with each. I now propose to enlarge upon the manifestations of these phases, as they are exhibited in the politics and in the social and religious institutions of the age; my present object being to show that these manifestations, so inharmonious in their essence and operations, are but the necessary results of the fragmentary and inharmonious culture of the individual men of the age.

Observe, therefore, first of all, that society, like man, has a beginning, a middle, and an ultimate culture, beyond which there can be no advancing, so far as the *mere culture progress* is concerned. For man, the foundation of society, is not infinite in his capacities, but finite; the utmost possibility

of his culture is, therefore, determinable; and, as a necessary consequence, the possible culture of society is likewise determinable.

Now we saw, in the last discourse, wherein the final culture of man consisted; and we are here to enquire, before entering upon the immediate matter of discussion, in what the final culture of society consists.

We must consider the ultimate culture of any given society, therefore, as that state of it in which men have realized *their own ideal* of humanity and government. But even this culture must not be regarded as *the* ultimate culture, but as the last culture possible to the given men, with their given ideal. For inasmuch as God, in his own time, sends forth his Prophets and Evangelists, to announce and promulgate new and higher truths to the nations, so it follows that the ultimate culture of one people may be the base and starting-point for that of another; and indeed history furnishes us with manifold instances of this kind. Thus the Hebrew ideal of a man consisted in the strength and heroism of the Will, and their highest morality as a *people*—for I am well aware of the great bardic exceptions—lay in the non-doing of evil; whilst the Christian ideal, which rose from the ruins of that ancient civilization, consisted not only in the non-doing of evil, but in actual *well-doing*, as the *result* of a *causal condition*, quite inconceivable to the Hebrew nation, viz., that of *well-doing*.

But I have said: That because man's capacities are finite, and not infinite, therefore his ultimate culture is determinable; and this being granted, it follows that there must be a point at which culture ceases, and the true spiritual growth of man commences.

Now, in the progressive stages of culture, indicated in my previous lecture, I endeavoured to show, according to the ideal of humanity therein considered, the point at which culture terminates and growth begins; and in order to make my meaning still clearer to every one of you, I will repeat in other words the results of those investigations.

1*st*. That until man is thoroughly awakened to the consciousness of the divine life within him, and sees that the development of this life, in its subjective and objective relations, is the true purport and aim of his appearance amongst men, he is a mere appearance, and has no root in the realities of God; in other words, that he is an apparition of Time only, having no claim upon the heritage of Eternity, and will vanish as such, and be seen and known no more.

2*nd*. That as the objective and the esthetic culture terminate in the awakening, or the consciousness of the divine life within a man, so does all culture terminate in the *possession* of this life; and here, therefore, the true spiritual *growth* of man commences.

We now see, in the distinction already pointed out between *culture* and *growth*, wherein the harmonious and divine possibilities of man lie, and where *alone* we must expect to find them realized. And hence, in my next lecture, where I propose to treat of the True State, I shall have once more to refer you to the above considerations of the growth of man in the divine life.

My reason for presenting these considerations to you now is this, that having an ideal harmonious man before you, you may more readily apprehend the inharmonies that exist amongst us, and pene-

trate more surely into the causes of them. I would have you carry this ideal man with you, therefore, throughout the pending discourse, and bear in mind that a society of such men alone can constitute the true state.

Nevertheless, states can and do exist as the embodiment of a far lower ideal than that I have now spoken of. For to whatever heights the wise men of any period may have attained in the absolute, that is, the divine life, they avail nothing, either by their example or precepts, in the moulding of a political organization—and by this I mean a state—so long as the masses which constitute the social body are living below them in the embranglements of ignorance and error. Those wise men, indeed, are far removed from the power and authority of any legislature—not that they set this authority at defiance, but because they are independent of it—by the greatness of their character and the austerity of their lives; and it is in their province to scatter by their teachings those truths which, when once they take root in the hearts of the people, will produce true and gradual reforms, and finally elaborate themselves into just laws and noble institutions.

Accordingly we find that in no age of the world has God left himself without a witness among men. And in those old Hebrew times to which we have already alluded, when the Jews were sunk into nameless, bottomless abysses of pollution, and the Maker's image was all but effaced from their nature, we see the great Lawgiver, whose memory is to be held in reverence by all good men to the end of the world, coming with his commandments from the steeps of Sinai, and endeavouring to restore that image by a negative process, the only process available to this end among so gross and savage

people. For in order that they might one day be awakened into the divine life itself, it was necessary that they should know what was not divine—which is also a kind of divine knowledge—that they should keep the commandments of the law, before they were in a condition to receive the truths of the gospel. And in the middle, and ultimate culture of this people, both when they were arriving and when they had arrived, at the highest ideal of that ancient dispensation (which at the best was a mere ideal of *existence* and not of *life*, bearing in mind what I mean by the word *life*), we find how the stern Bards and Prophets admonished them of their duty and their God, and besought them with lamentations and sorrowful mournings, and wild, fierce threats of the eternal vengance, to draw nigh unto God, and amend their ways. And thus, likewise, when Greece had attained its highest esthetic culture, and the people and the state were so far in harmony with each other that no ideal was left the people to realize, did not SOCRATES and PLATO teach *divine* things, and set before the people an ideal of the godlike? And in short, at the very point where the Hebrew sages, with their apocalyptical wisdom and mighty prophesies, ceased as a divine order, did not the priesthood of philosophy commence among the civilized nations, preparing the way for the supreme High Priest. Hence we see how the divine testimony survives, in the instance of chosen men, in all times, even though society may have exhausted its culture and realized its ideal.

Now, if any thing were wanting to convince us that there is a far higher destiny in reserve for society than any which has yet been accomplished by the human race, these considerations should be

sufficient for that purpose. For the commission of our divine men is to teach divine truths, and to set forth these truths in their life as an example to all. And so long as it is necessary for a people to have these divine men among them as exemplars, so long will they have before them an unrealized ideal. But it is the destiny of society to realize, not *an* ultimate culture, but *the* ultimate culture, and to supersede by the divine, individual, and collective life, the necessity for divine examples. Thus, I again say, will the true spiritual growth of man commence; for culture is only necessary to perfect man, and perfection lies in the divine life, where there can be no more culture, but growth only; inward oneness of aim, and outward oneness of action.

In order to facilitate our enquiries into the present state of society, with reference to our former considerations of the progressive development of life in the individual man, we will here speak of the three great aspects which society presents to us in this day—viz, the Political, Social, and Religious aspects, for we shall find that the objective, esthetic, and subjective manifestations of society are all included in these grand divisions.

First of all then, let us look at the Political aspect. And here we discover the elements of a most sad disorder, indicating but too surely the chaotic state of the popular mind. Men seem to imagine that the only thing necessary for them, in all their relations to time and eternity, is Objective reform; and to the securance of this end they agitate the length and breadth of the land, preaching up the Suffrage and the Charter, and proclaiming them as *the only means* by which they can restore peace and good will upon the earth. For the old

divine religion and 'worship of sorrow,' we have a new dispensation of politics, and a worship of idols. For what else is the reliance which men place upon the Outward, in these matters, but political idolatry? They see with sufficient clearness that all things are wrong amongst them; that the Parliament does not represent them; nor the law give them right and justice; they feel that their humanity is gone out from them, as individuals, and that it is but falsely represented by the State, whose aim, indeed, has long been merely to conserve the whole, and not to recognize the individual. For ever since the divine idea of union and humanity was abolished from the governments of earth—ever since the dividing Intellect has reigned in the throne of the Holy Master of Christendom—has the mammon of all unrighteousness dwelt amongst us; setting up his golden calves for worship, and legislating no longer for man, as the spiritual image of God, but as the degraded vassal of a material counterfeit of God. And this is the reason why men talk so sorrowfully about the Suffrage and Parliamentary Reform—why they build upon the efficacy of these outward agents in the eradication of political evils. They see the forms which oppress them, or by which they think they are oppresed, and against these they oppose other forms, hoping, as in Pharoah's vision of the kine, that the former shall in the end be swallowed up by the latter, and thus terminate the warfare. But they do not see that they are phantoms fighting with phantoms, and that the realization of their highest hopes in this objective direction, would be but the commencement of a new phantom dynasty—of a new reign of wrong-doing and oppression. For the reformers themselves want reforming, as well as the government. Nor is there

any hope for them or their schemes, until this change take place within them. And I here say to you, and to all who may hereafter read this scripture, that it is not the Outward, whether as political institutions and laws, or as social hollowness, or as church dominations, which oppresses you and rides rough-shod over you, but it is the Inward death-in-life, now abiding in most men amongst us, that gives to all these outer things such an evil vitality; and it is this death-in-life, therefore, which must be battled against and conquered before any objective form of this life can be destroyed.

I exhort you, in all solemnity—you who aim at the high mark of human enfranchisement—to examine yourselves, and see whether this death has not hold of your life. For assuredly the life tree of good government cannot grow out of the sepulchre of a dead heart—nor can the words of eternal life come from the regions of eternal death. If you are earnest then, in your endeavours after political reform, cease for the present all political agitation. Nothing is clearer to me in this day, than that all such agitation is a madness and a mockery. There is the ideal of Humanity before us, looking sorrowfully upon us with its benignant eyes, and silently asking us how we can realize its likeness by any such misguided efforts? What we have to do is, not to dissipate ourselves in agitations, but collect ourselves in meditations. We must centralize the true force and fire within us, and by practical questioning of the idols that have taken possession of us, we must be convinced that they are idols, and cast them from the inner temple. Then will truth gleam upon us with his shining visage, like a messenger from the heavenly world, and we shall gladly hear the rustling of his wings as he descends

and enters into the vacant sanctuary of our hearts. When, after long culture, we have arrived at that subjective state, described in my last lecture as the union of man's will with God's, we may then hope to lead and instruct the race; not however as political adventurers, or as professors of political economy, but as Priests of the unseen Shekinah. For it is an old truth, oftentimes repeated by me in these latter days, that politics and all outward things will alone be right, and act rightly, when *men* are right. First of all, therefore, you and I, if we endeavour after the true wisdom, will seek to establish ourselves in righteousness, leaving the outward to its own counsels. And bear in mind that there is no other way given under heaven whereby the salvation of a people can come. For what is a nation but many individual men? And how can the nation be saved if the individual men are not saved? And how shall any be saved except by the old appointed way of righteousness? Let us cease our loud and empty clamouring about national reform, therefore, and look to our own reformation. As much wisdom is required in the government of a man, as in the government of an empire, and he who cannot govern himself, is unfitted either to delegate, or to exercise authority. And inasmuch as there are but few men who have subdued themselves, and know how to govern their own kingdom according to the laws and statutes of God, either amongst the rulers or the ruled, so it is but natural, as it is certainly necessary, that darkness and disorder should prevail in our midst.

And yet, in historical justice, I should declare in this place, how impossible it would have been for society to have advanced onward in the career of progress, without the development of those antago-

nistic forces which, at the time of the Reformation, were engendered within it. By antagonistic forces, I mean intellectual individuality, with all its manifestations; and by progress, I mean, the collective marching of the nation in knowledge, art, and science. For it cannot be denied that the Reformation gave the first great impetus of freedom, in modern times, to the world. I regard the Protestant Æra as the seed-time of a spiritual harvest not yet ripe, but fast ripening, for the sickle of the coming autumn. And it seems to me that this era is well-nigh completed and closed. Starting, then, from the Protestant premises, I cannot see how the human mind could have taken any other direction than that which it has taken, or that it could have produced any other results. Looking at it to-day as an historical unfolding, without reference to the future, it has little beauty in my eyes, and still less of virtue and nobility. All its religious earnestness was burnt out in the fires of the Commonwealth, and with it the old form which religion itself had assumed for so many centuries in the world. What has since been called Religion has been in most cases the mere echo of that ancient earnestness, and this too is dying; whilst a truer oracle, very little known at present, is uttering its voices, like an orphan by the side of its dead mother. This is one more proof that God does not leave himself without a witness, even when the hearts of a nation have forsaken him.

I have said that this Protestant era—regarded as an historical unfolding, and without reference to the future—has for me little beauty, virtue, or nobility in it; nor do I speak these words without consideration. I know well enough with what triumph you will point to our commerce and manufactures, our

literature and political abilities, as well as to the great moral enterprises on behalf of humanity—and whilst I allow much of your claim for these things, I tell you that they are not the most important things in the world. I have already spoken upon the political aspect of this age, and shown you, in such manner as I could, how sorrowful it was; and when I come to the social and religious divisions of this discourse, I shall have to speak of the other matters just now alluded to. You will then see why I find so little worth in them.

For the present, I will merely ask you what they avail in the highest courts of God's judicature, compared with the heavenly loss which man has sustained in securing them? Alas! there are few amongst us who can speak for this question; few who can see the bearing and momentous meaning which it hides. For most men are now, as I have said, defaced, so that the divine significance of man's life shines not through the ruins of their nature, and they can appreciate man only as chattel and commodity.

'Things are in the saddle
And ride mankind.'

Let us hope that this objective state of society, however, will pass away, and give place to a higher and truer state. And although, so far as our political institutions are concerned, the generality of men are not fitted for any important change, yet the signs of transition are visible in the popular opinions respecting them. They have survived, in fact, the ancient ideal which gave them birth and fixedness, and stand before us like the ghostly skeletons of an extinct period, waiting for a final dismission. And yet until we have realized the godlike, and are

thus prepared to establish our own cultus, these spectres must rule us.

The development of social life upon the principle or law of beauty, would be one great means of rendering the objective life of society both truer and nobler. It would likewise soften the asperity of the national manners, and introduce more kindness and sympathy into the workshop, the market, and the counting house. At present, however, where the true esthetic culture of man should be found—viz., at home and in the domestic relations of life—we find for the most part, deformity, and not beauty. And yet the social aspect of society bears the same relation to the body politic, as the esthetic phase of man's life bears to the individual man. In the general derangement of man, however, and his dislocation from the sphere of the invisible and the eternal, this misery has come upon him: that he does not see beauty, which to keener eyes is the garment of the Unspeakable Significance—but cheats himself, like the untutored savage, with the mere gilded semblance of it. His house is not a garden of Eden, where the beautiful angels of the Lord pass to and fro continually, but often a desert of animal delights; and even in those instances where the enchantments of art have been brought to the homes of the higher classes, and where these classes are themselves cultivated in all manner of esthetic refinement, one is pained to witness the degradation of the inner man, through this external environment of beauty. And as in what is called the political world, we find men devoting themselves exclusively to politics—so that it is no strange phenomenon to find mere politicians, or mere calculating, statistical machines, living and moving upon the earth—so in the social world it is quite common

to witness the same partial development of persons in the esthetical sphere of culture. And what, in this latter instance is still worse, the esthetic culture itself is not complete in these persons ; that is, the idea or law of beauty does not dwell within them and manifest itself in beautiful demeanours and actions, but consists, as I have said, in mere superficial refinement ; in words which mean nothing ; in the fineries of dress ; in jewels, aromas ; and in all the externals of beauty, without the corresponding internals.

You will observe here, that I am not now speaking of the individual, but of society as a whole, in its social aspect ; but you will not fail to mark, that this fragmentary and inharmonious culture of society is the necessary result of the fragmentary and inharmonious culture of the individuals that constitute society. We nowhere see that total development in men, which I have before called the *flowering of the entire nature*, but only partial developments of them, as politicians and tradesmen, artists, scholars, and teachers. Hence society does not present to us any totality, but lies like a woeful giant in contortions and huge dismemberment.

There is one feature of this social aspect which strikes me as remarkable, and full of significance, and that is, the exclusiveness of rank and wealth. And here, whilst I point out the evil, let me guard you against misunderstanding me. I do not say that rank and wealth have no right to make their own terms with the world, or that they are not entitled to a full measure of respect ; especially when they can vindicate themselves by worth, and the honourable conquest of difficulties in the attainment of their position. But, by exclusiveness, I mean that general unconcern which persons of rank and wealth

display towards their poorer brethren, and the general contempt which they entertain for those who are beneath them in the social standing. I discover in this the old mark of defacement, the old alienation of the heart from God's divine laws and ordinances, in the matter of human duty and responsibility. For assuredly, those who are highest in rank and station should be the highest in humanity, and have respect unto the law of duty and the exercise of all human benignity. For rank and wealth, whatever they may indicate as social esthetic signs, have no beauty in them that they should be desired, unless a true noble man have the bearing of them. We were not sent into the world to trick ourselves out with the mere shows of the world, and to become falsely ennobled by hereditary rank, or by the circumstances of wealth and station, but to ennoble ourselves by great thoughts, and aspirations after the godlike, which we are to embody in living deeds, as the witnesses to heaven and earth of that nobility we have. Hence, the exclusiveness of which I have spoken is a sign of disease, wherever it exists. For all men are brethren, nor can the relationship ever become extinct, or the claims of man upon man become obsolute. What, my lord, art thou, disarrayed of thy foolish trappings; horseless, dogless, and unhoused from thy splendid mansion?—Surely neither more nor less than so many feet of human clay—with what of heaven's jewellery, or earth's dross, is contained within it. Happy for thee, if when the day of thy earthly dispossession cometh, thou shalt be found possessed of those jewels of heaven. And here I will say, not only to this lord, but to the merchant and manufacturer, the squire and the yeoman, that in order to secure these jewels, you must forego your exclusiveness,

your pride of wealth, your vain conceits of superiority, and put forth your hand to weed the world of its misery. Every one of you is the centre of a little community in the neighbourhood where you reside; and here, therefore, is your true sphere of conquest and of empire—conquest of all confusion and disorder; of ignorance, darkness, and wretchness. I know not of any work higher than this, which a man can do in the world. For the conquest spoken of is the beginning of true government, and without it government is impossible.—Moreover, the wise conqueror is the only wise governor. He, therefore, who aspires after the ruling of things, large or small, shall show his credentials of conquest. Our election candidates shall prove themselves worthy of the constituent suffrage, by some social good they have done; some degraded village they have raised; some school they have built; some mechanics' institution they have established and superintended; some allotment system they have devised for the employment of the unemployed; and generally, by their beneficent care for the perishing and the neglected. Show us one spot of earth which you have conquered from the savage bosom of nature, and made fruitful and beautiful, like a woman's bosom dropping with milk and divine nourishment, and we will hear your voice, and the hustings shall be as a sacred place: but otherwise, though you come to us with the tongue of an angel —at all events, it shall be so with the present speaker—and have gifts of prophesy, and power to cast out devils we will hear you not. Nothing, indeed, should be accounted for righteousness to any man but a righteous life. Hence wealth and rank, as such, without righteousness, may, for me, go a hunting, or a begging, at their convenience.

We see, however, that men's souls are, now, too much out of joint to make a harmonious society possible. And yet the very misery of the lower classes of society—their wretched dwelling places, their black Egyptian darkness of mind, their savage squalor of visage and ragged attire—might, one would think, be the awakeners of all the *esthetic*, if not the *moral* and *religious* sensibilities of men, to put an end to such infernal deformity. Ah! my exclusive friends, you who have your halls full of Grecian statuary, in which are represented the noblest ideals of human beauty, do you ever think of the crooked, gnarled, knotted, and stunted humanities living in the fever cellars of Swallow Street, Huddersfield, or of the perpetual carnival of misery which is celebrated in the streets of our large towns, and in all our villages and hamlets? It is not my object in this place, to tell you what you should do to clear this sour and offensive sight from the eyes of God and man, but first of all to awake you to see the sight itself, not in its *objective*, and alas! for the truth, not in its *subjective reality*, but in its *esthetic* horror and dire unnatural pollution. If I cannot reach your souls I would at least reach your feelings, and show you that your exclusiveness is a cursedness, both to you and to society; that it does but prolong the reign of deformity and bestial ugliness. And if you once see this in that esthetic sense I have spoken of, you will not need to be told *how* you shall set to work to alter it, for conviction, like our great mother necessity, is its own law, and tools, and execution.

In the present transitionary state of society, however, I see no chance for 'the awakening' of which I speak. For most men now live in a hurry, and only one man here and there rests serenely upon

his inward nature, gathering all things unto him as materials for the highest culture. Indeed, society itself seems hurrying like a blind giant into Noman's land, where chimeras and all manner of monstrous perplexities, loom through the misty voids. It is the 'day of the chattel;' and men are so transformed into the image of Midas that they have forgotten the image of God, and cannot recognise it when it is seen by them. And yet we will despair not; for with the eyes of the Seer I prophesy that this very hurry of men to make wealth, is the MASTER'S appointed way of restoring the world to order, beauty, and truth. And although machinery and capital in the hands of these Midas images, are at present hurtful demons, doing the behests of Midas, and for the most part heedless of humanity, yet the time will come when the demons shall be converted into benefactors, and give room and leisure for society to think of saving the soul, as well as the body, from death. This consummation will close the mission of Protestantism; which mission I hold to be the progressive development of man, upon the principle of intellectual and commercial antagonism.

Then the true esthetic culture of society will be established, and manifest itself in new unheard of ways; making all homes peaceable and happy, and all towns beautiful, like the cities of God. So shall God himself dwell therein; for when the esthetic culture of an earnest people is complete, they will turn to the Ideal Humanity, to the Divine Christ, and the 'worship of sorrow'—and so finish the circle of their progress and development. And at last, when every man has attained to the divine idea, and the national will is one with that of God, we shall witness the sublime spectacle of a nation

growing in the divine life, and clothed with righteousness as with a garment.

And here I am painfully brought to consider the subjective or religious phase of society, which I see to be so far from that divine life I have just depicted. For indeed if this religious phase were based upon the everlasting foundations, if it were a manifestation of the divine life, in the only sense wherein we can here consider that life, viz. in its own essential and absolute nature—the life in God —then would society be realizing in this hour that sublime spectacle I have spoken of above, and there could be no darkness, no outward deformity appertaining to it, but divine light and beauty alone. In this instance of the religious manifestation, however, as well as in that of the political and social, there is no growth, and little else than spasmodic efforts after the divine, which for the most part falls short, and become prostrate in the esthetic temple; through the painted windows of which so to speak, the borrowed lustre of the divine glory alone shines. Hence all excitement of the feelings in religious matters, is illusive and false; and what is called edification is the barren sediment which a spoken or written discourse deposits in the mind, and is utterly worthless and incapable of nourishment. The states now described pass, however, very much in this day for religion, especially with the vulgar and uncultivated, and in many instances with the cultivated likewise. But wherever they obtain, they are mournful signs of failure in the religious life.

And here I remark, that the journey towards heaven, or in other words, towards the attainment of the divine life, is the progress of men who have been seized with the Unspeakable Significance, and who struggle onwards to a more perfect vision

of it; and he is the truly religious man who advances through the black regions and horrid Golgothas of the 'everlasting No,' to the sunshine of the 'everlasting Yes.' And although between these two countries of the Phenomenal and the Ideal, there lies that intermediate land of the Beautiful, described in my last lecture under the name of the '*Æsthetic*,' yet he who undertakes the divine journey, and is content, for his part to dwell in that land, is not, and never can be, a religious man, but may fitly be called a cast-way and a coward.

Yet it seems to me that the religious aspect of the world is precisely this esthetic aspect, and none other. I of course except in this statement those divine instances which I know to exist, and speak of the religious manifestation as a whole. For men do not now live in God, but in the old sacred garments of God. Hence "Puseyism" has arisen amongst us, building its splendid tabernacles to the dead Ghost of worship, and thinking, in its most sorrowful endeavours, to save the souls of men alive, by its gorgeous ceremonies and musical entertainments! And hence, likewise, the outward decorations of our churches and chapels, and the esthetic want men feel when these things are absent; as if they could not worship God aright without carpets for their feet, censers for their nostrils, and music for their ears. And although I am far from thinking that beauty should be neglected in the divine worship, yet I would prefer the bare walls of the Quakers' house of God to any tabernacle whose external beauty constituted the main incentive to worship.—First of all, let us have the divine life in man, and I will object to no external beauty for its adornment. But in this day, when men are not divine, they are

imposed upon by the sanctuary, and awakened thereby into a mere esthetic reverence for the outward. Moreover, from the dearth of divine men as teachers amongst us, the feelings of the people are often alone stirred within them; so that they are not built up one step in the religious life, but remain as cast-aways in the esthetic land.

You, however, in whom the divine *does* dwell—you who have past from death unto life, and have become free by the power of the Holy Ghost, will see into, and mourn with me, over the decayed aspect of these Christian times. For I would not be thought a cynic in my judgments upon this matter; and far be it from me to take up the office of a mere meddler and fault-finder. Indeed, I have no where descended in these lectures to such low considerations; and those who can enter into the meaning and spirit of my adventure, will not be liable to confound the words I have spoken upon the present aspect of things amongst us, with those principles of divine truth of which these aspects are the distortion.

If you will now compare the trifold aspects of society, with that ideal man whom I wished you to carry with you throughout the whole consideration of this question, you will perceive what a want of harmony there is between them, and come thereby to something like a true estimate of societary manifestation. And inasmuch as the individual nature should be entire in its culture; that is, well developed and balanced in its relations to God, the external world, and to society, so should the culture of the collective nature be entire likewise. Indeed this is the great problem which society has at present to resolve; and when the work of the Intellect, as exhibited in philosophy, science, art, and govern-

ment, shall be accomplished, and all the confused elements which now darken the face of society shall have adjusted themselves, I do not doubt that this problem will be faithfully wrought out into practical issues.

There is another division of the subjective phase of society, concerning which I will now speak—I allude to that of Literature. And here, with but few exceptions, we find the same disorder and confusion which were manifested in the departments already considered. Literature is no longer held to be a sacred calling, but is followed for pastime or profit, in the same manner as men go to a play, or take up with some handicraft or other secular occupation. Hence the character of our literature is light, flimsy, and of the most easy virtue. In some instances, which it were beneath me here to specify—and which I would not degrade the name of literature by alluding to in connection with it, if they were not so widely spread and common—there are books not only light and flimsy, but deadly as the apples of Sodom, and altogether infernal in their spirit and tendency. And whilst I name these instances as signs of the age, I would warn you, unless such warning be absolutely unnecessary in your case, not to defile yourself with such foul sorceries and imaginations. For you, as young men in whom the divine life is not at present, are unfitted to look into such books, even as matters of curiosity, and could not do so without suffering blight and poisonous mildew. I have often observed how the most beautiful flowers of the spring have had their growth strangled by weeds, or destroyed by unseen worms; and the moral of this mute sermon I will once more pray you to take into your own hearts for guidance.

I have said that literature is no longer regarded as

a sacred calling, but is followed for mere pastime or profit; and hence the multiplication of books is become an enormous evil, from which I can see at present no deliverance for us. For how can men instruct us who write for pastime or profit? My friends! no true light ever yet came into the world with such low menials as these for the bearers of it. The life of the blessed Saviour, our sorrowful Divine Christ, was not, I remember, a pastime, but an agony and bloody sweat; his profit, the shameful death of the cross. And the holy band of Apostles, and the great army of Martyrs, and all men, in short, who have promulgated truth for the guidance of their fellow men, have found their work far other than a pastime or a profit. And this must ever be the case with earnest and sincere men in whom the divine life dwells. It is the great curse of writing, amongst us, that men have now nothing to say; no life and truth to communicate; nothing but gossip and babblement. Thus we are deluged with all manner of '*light reading*,' as it is called, which indeed is '*light*' enough; and I will add, sad enough. Our men of letters are not the leaders of the people, in the high sense of guides and pillars of defending fire, but often base panderers to their base ideas and low tastes. It is a matter of calculation with them, what the people will buy, and not at all their consideration, what will raise and ennoble them. How should this be any concern of men who seek alone to make a profit of their guidance. Such guidance, indeed, as they can offer, were far better neither bought nor sold. For it is essentially a death guidance, and not a deliverance from death, which last is the only aim of all true endeavours, whether ghostly or literary. Neither is it any apology for our men of letters, that the people will

read nothing but these evangels of annihilation. They, if they understood their position, are here to make manifest the *divine* significance of life, and not the *infernal* significance of it. Not to call up from the deeps of man's nature obscene ideas and fiery visaged passions, and all the nameless demons that dwell there, arraying them in beautiful and voluptuous garments, and saying to men: These are the gods which you must fall down and worship; but to exorcise these false gods by bringing down upon men's hearts the day-spring from on high, and filling them with pure thoughts and holy aspirations.

I have said enough, however, upon this subject; and my remarks apply not to the exceptions of literature as a whole. And if any one should here enquire how he may be guided in his choice of books, I answer: If you have the divine life within you, you will need no direction in this particular, but will certainly gravitate to your own, and your own to you. But if you are a mere student, and on your way to the divine life, this may be said to you: Read those books alone, which deal with the holy and everlasting; which speak to you of man's duties, responsibilities, and eternal destiny. And above all other books read the Bible; not in the spirit of a doubter or questioner—for in this way no man ever yet understood any portion of divine truth —but as an humble, reverend scholar. Indeed the Bible, as it contains the source of life, is the only bulwark under whose heavenly walls we can hope for refuge from that Demon-literature which on all sides is threatening to devour us. I, for my part, would rather sit down at the divine banquet of Isaiah and Job, and Jesus and his apostles, than be present at any literary carnival. I would gratefully recognize the divine band of brothers however, in this

and all the ages; and it behoves us to be thankful to any man who can array the old truth in new garments, if thereby the attention of scholars can be attracted once more to its divine import. And herein lies the secret and the mystery of that good work which our true literary men are doing in this generation. For it is evident to all who are acquainted with the subject, that far above the common sewer of literary abomination, in the high realms of heaven, new constellations are shining with a new and old light and radiance.

We have now considered, so far as it was possible in this discourse, the political, social, and religious aspects of society in connection with the objective, esthetic, and subjunctive nature of man; and I have endeavoured to show that these fragmentary and inharmonious aspects are the necessary consequences of the fragmentary and inharmonious culture of the individual men who constitute society. That as man nowhere appears to us as a fully developed *whole*, but as man *and* his politics, man *and* his culture, man *and* his religion; so neither does society manifest itself as a whole, but as a body *and* its members. Hence, therefore, that neither man nor society have achieved their ideal, but are only progressing by means of intellectual and commercial antagonism towards the ideal. Now it was spoken as a proposition at the commencement of this lecture, that society, like man, has a beginning, a middle, and an ultimate culture; that the ultimate culture consisted in the union of men's wills with that of God: and that here all culture ceased, and the true spiritual growth of man and society commenced. We are therefore to regard this present state of society as the middle culture of it; and in our next lecture we shall consider under what circumstances the true state is possible.

THE AWAKENING.

LECTURE III.

In what must THE TRUE STATE consist? This is the great question we have to answer; or rather, which we must *try* to answer; for it is the last, deepest riddle which the wise old Sphynx has to propound to the children of men. All her other riddles, indeed, if we consider it well, are included in this one. For the True State, whenever it exist, must be an association of men who, having conquered all darkness and perplexity, question no more, doubt no more; but being filled with faith, wisdom, and love, illustrate in their own persons and actions, the Divine Significance of Life. I say, *illustrate* this Divine Significance; for herein alone can the Sphynx be fully resolved and vanquished; her mission ended; and the destiny of man achieved.

No practical solution, however, of the great question before us, can be hoped for in these false and revolutionary times. I have called these times transitory; a sort of 'middle passage' between darkness and light; preceding, let us hope, the dawn of man's Spiritual Awakening. Much has to be done before this Awakening shall find a record in our history; much actual falsehood must be burnt up; much that is now held to be truth, whether traditionally or vitally, must become false

and perish in its turn, before the dead light of the true day shall dissolve the enchanted sleep of men. No Prophet Voice can tell us *when* all these things shall come to pass; for times and seasons are not of man's appointment. Neither can we *force* an age to grow *beyond* its life. Whatever life it has in it, will get itself developed out of it, and leave its mark in the practical work which it performs. It is by this mark that we discover the secret spirit of the ages, and pronounce judgment upon the ancient and modern civilizations. For the outward doings of men are but their inward thoughts made visible, real, and tangible to the senses. And thus all History has its roots in the Unseen World, and is essentially mystic and spiritual. According to the insight which men have, so will be the manifestations of their life in the world. If their hearts are set upon divine things—if they strive to pierce through the contradiction and shaggy-demon enigmas which beset them, earnestly struggling to realize the Divine life, when we shall see these aims exemplified in the State; if, on the other hand, men have no perception of these things, have no God and no Heaven to love—no aim in short, but the base aim of gold, and no life but that of an animal, we shall discover their woeful paralysis of soul, by corresponding outward and unmistakeable signs.

When I say that whatever life is in a people will develope itself, by life I mean the *ideal culture* they possess. Thus in the Early Christian ages, we find that the *idea* of religion was the vital root and centre of human manifestation. The monasteries, and many-named temples which belong to those dim, devotional ages, were but the sculptured embodiments of that great Idea, testifying even in this

present hour, amid their silence and desolation, to the earnest, beautiful, and holy life of the peole. And thus in our own days, we see the Ideal culture of the nation in our Mills, Factories, and Enginery. That culture is not religious, but mechanical. Mechanism is the moving idea, the life of English society. All our aims have an outward and material, not an inward and spiritual tendency. Even our religion is mechanical; consisting of forms and ceremonies, of creeds, beliefs, and observances. It is the Word which killeth, and not the Spirit that maketh alive, to which we cleave. For men who have the Spirit of Christ within them, do not, I think, quarrel about 'Plenary Inspiration,' about the 'Trinity,' or the doctrines of 'Election' and 'Grace.' These things *may* be true or false; but the Spirit of Christ within them *is true*, and all the rest is chaff which the wind may blow, for them, wheresoever it listeth.

The True State, therefore, can never be realized by men until they have a true life within them. Nature will not be jostled, nor hurried in her ways; but she moves along in silent and painful marches, using her own methods, executing her own plans, and producing magnificent results out of obscure causes and insignificant agencies. We will have faith, therefore, in the inscrutable Government, and believe that the age in which we live, with all its falsities and irreverence; its dull mechanical transfiguration; its cant; its godless intellectual and scientific theories—is but the precursor of a better and truer age—the stubble-field which must be consumed, and then delved and sown, that so out of its ashes may come a green earth once more. At present, however, there seems no prospect of this moral Ragnarock; and yet I am convinced of

nothing more certainly than of this: That already the New Life which exists amongst us, is fast absorbing the blood of the Old; in short, that the false is dying, and the true is growing.

As an indication of this cheering fact, I notice with reverential joy, the earnest belief which the True Scholars of the Age cleave to, respecting the meaning of man's life in this world: that is to say, its essential, divine basis, and its practical consummation in active truthfulness and duty. This is a large and increasing class of men, to whom the Maker of all the worlds is not an Idle Theory, but an awful and sublime Reality; a reality more tangible than nature, because it stands revealed, as in the old prophet time, in the sanctuary of the soul, and lives in the conscience and the life. That such men do exist, now that religion is dead, and mechanism, for the most part, is worshipped as God, I take to be significant of many high and promising things; of new Mythi, and new possibilities of worship and action.

And here I will recall the words I spoke at the commencement of my last lecture, touching the mission of divine men. I said: That whenever the truth of an age had become obsolete, and lived in men only as tradition, God sent new Priests into the world to expound a nobler and deeper truth, which the souls of all earnest men alive in that age, were waiting to receive: That God never left himself without a *witness*: That he had destined truth to grow in spite of falsehood, and would, in the end, win all men to his Divine Will. I now remark that these new priests are amongst us, and will silently prepare the foundations of the True State.

In the meanwhile the noisy masons and bricklayers of the earth will go on patching and building

with such materials as they have, and proclaim their doings with trumpets and loud vociferations. It will all be right in the end, although it looks sad enough now. I even fancy I can see written upon our mechanism, railroads, trade, and commerce, this handwriting of the strange and wonderful God, viz., '*Man shall triumph physically and intellectually before he triumphs spiritually.*' For how else can we interpret the utter absorption of men in those mighty material creations which they have conjured up from the brute empire of matter? The life they live is not life, but drudgery and emptiness. They have no root in the eternal, but only in the temporal Verities; and although I am far from depreciating this latter condition, yet it has but an intellectual and scientific base, and therefore is only true to this extent, whilst it is false and selfish in its relation to the divine. It is an old law that man's compensations for living shall come alone out of the sphere of his being. If he lives for the intellect, he shall have the pay of the intellect; if for the spirit, he shall have spiritual satisfaction; but if he be a True Man, and fill all his spheres with divine life, he shall then realize the gains and blessedness of that life, and I, for one, will name him a Son of God.

The very work, however, which is done in this day, is not, according to the highest laws of possession, realized by the *makers* of it, although these do certainly get their day-wages and life annuities out of it; but its true appropriation is reserved for a nobler race yet unborn. The building up of fortunes in order to obtain material comforts, is not, I fancy, the aim of Man's life, according to the original plan of the Maker, who, although he will have these material furtherances secured, has a catholic, and not private end for them to answer.

Until the true aim of life can be discovered once more, and selfishness shall give place to love, God will hold men at a cheap rate. For the *destiny* of the human race—the union of man's will and life with that of God—is the ultimate end of the generations and the ages. It is the darling scheme of the Creator, which man, with his fierce ways, has thwarted, baffled, and retarded, but which is still progressing, without rest or haste, towards the final consummation. Hence all the workers that have been, or shall be hereafter, in whom the Divine Life dwells not, are but as temporary servants and slaves, who, when their work is done, eat their wages, and vanish, and perish. Neither is this unjust or hard; for it is written in the dear old gospels, nearly two thousand years ago, That he who soweth to the *flesh, shall of the flesh reap* corruption. Besides, in the great government of the world, there is always a great expenditure of means to ends. That a single flower may be born, how many seeds are scattered! That a single MAN may arrive, how many generations are in travail. Nature continually aims at great results, and like a conqueror marches over the bodies of infinite hosts to attain them. She does not, as I said, much prize her mechanical soldiers, and loves only the true sons of battle, those who help her to conquer, and by their death secure her victory.

Enough has now been said upon the aspect of man's life in this age, and upon the general laws which govern society. We will concern ourselves, therefore, for a short time, with the agencies by which society is to be purified and prepared for the Awakening which must precede the realization of the True State. These agencies must originate from beautiful natures—must be the embodiment of

beautiful Ideas, in the manifold forms of art. We must see a Greek era in England, before we can any more hope for a Divine era. Art raises the taste, refines the feelings, and exalts the rudest man from a common clay to a plastic and beautiful humanity. It developes the esthetic nature, quickens the imagination, and restores to us all the ideas of which Apollo and the Muses were the poetic symbolism. I would have art, therefore, manifested everywhere; in the drainage and cleanliness of our streets, in the design and decoration of our public buildings, in statues upon the market-places; in our houses and gardens, in our personal attire, our pots and furniture, our parlours and bed-chambers, our kitchens and sculleries; so that wherever we turn our eyes, they may be fed with beauty. By these outer means and agencies men would come to recognise the *law* of Beauty within them, and finally, when they had completed their esthetic culture, they would awaken to a higher life.

Hence music, sculpture, painting, poetry, and all the modern inventions of art and science by which human labour is diminished, and human happiness increased, may be made the servants of God and the precursors of his Kingdom upon Earth. It is in this light alone that I regard them. For beauty is a wonderful and mystic manifestation, hiding far more than it reveals. It is the meaning of beauty, the Divine Idea of which beauty is the symbol, that constitutes the problem of man's highest life, and it is the harmonious development of the objective, esthetic, and subjective nature of man which will complete its solution.

That highest life we have now briefly to consider, for out of it the True State must be born. As this life is the union of man's will with God, it is a re-

ligious life; for Religion, indeed, is the base of man's nature; the geometry and astronomy of all true thought. In the True State this life will manifest itself through all the forms of society, not in sickness and spasms, but in beautiful and divine harmony. The entire faculties of man will have ever to expand under its genial influence, and humanity will be developed, not in fragments, but in totality and perfection. This is that ultimate point beyond which human culture cannot extend. It is precisely here, therefore, that *progress* ends, and *growth* begins.

Of the outer manifestations of the Divine Life, I do not here speak. No one, indeed, can declare the precise *form* which it may assume; the institutions it may originate; or the new laws it may impose. But this may be affirmed with certainty, that Beauty and Truth, Justice, Holiness, and Love, which are the vital ideas of that life, will be exhibited in all the departments of the state, and shine with heavenly radiance in all the intercourse and relationships of men. War, violence, and fraud, will be banished from the True State for ever. Competition will cease. There will be no more private and selfish monopolies of trade, commerce, and property: but a generous co-operation of all for the good of all. The influence of this True State will extend over the world, and the coloured belts of the topics, the auroral climates of the north, and all zones, will eventually realize its likeness. Then will take place the true appropriation of our present mechanical contrivances, of our scientific inventions, our learning and art; for these things will all be the instruments of love, and made to answer a divine purpose.

To this faith I cleave with a kind of prophetic

earnestness; because I know that the high and holy nature of man has never yet been unfolded; that he has hitherto lived (except in the instance of scholars and a chosen few) in the lower regions of animal and intellectual life, for the most part unconscious of his divine capacities, and blind to his ultimate destiny. Such half-life, and partial development, cannot be the destiny of man. I look forward, therefore, to the time, however dim and distant it may be, when man shall be restored once more to the spiritual image of his Maker; when his nature shall be unfolded in all its depths, breadths, and splendours, and he shall begin to grow in love, and all heavenly wisdom. And because I find this state to be possible in the *individual*, so do I all the more cling to its possibility *in society*. If, indeed, this were not the case—if I found no deeper and truer life within me than that which men call life in their streets and assemblies, their counting-houses and workshops; but were obliged to perform my share of work in this wild chaotic hubbub of a world, and *so* fulfil my destiny, I for one would not consent to the terms of such a destiny, but would, at the earliest moment, make my quietus. Will you who now hear me, think what meaning there may be in this hypothesis and protest? It concerns you, quite as much as it does me, to look into the secret of your life, and discover *what* you are here for. Not as slaves, I think, but as men, and inheritors of the promises. What are these promises?—How shall *you* secure them? These are questions, which if you answer not, you *are* slaves.

Now every one of you may have a True State within you; may love justice and truth, and do your duty in the world, not because you will get wages for it, but because it is *right*. By thus obey-

ing a kingdom of God within you, you absolve yourself from the slavery and drudgery of the world, even whilst you perform it. Your work is that of a free, and in proportion to your light, a divine *man*, and not that of a poor blind mechanic. And this, at present, is the only practical application which can be made of the remarks I now offer you upon the True State.

The time will come, however, when this application will be universal, and all that the poets have fabled about Milleniums and Islands of the Blest, will be realized, in a new and unprecedented way, which the Fouriers and St. Simons of the world have never yet dreamed of; and concerning which, it would be foolish in me now to speak one word.

And thus the destiny of man in *time* being completed by that development of his entire nature which is the only true condition of his *growth*, whether general or individual, his eternal destiny will begin to reveal itself; and for the first time, he will discover what is meant by the old sacred sentence: That man's temporal life is but a state of probation. For no earthly consummations, however beautiful and blessed, could satisfy the longings and infinite yearnings of the soul. We may *know* the bounds of knowledge, and the necessities which limit our power and attainments, but we cannot quench these immortal thirsts, nor smother these high and boundless aspirations, which are continually surprising us, even now, with glimpses of the eternal. Therefore when the True State shall arrive, Man will have laid the foundation of two worlds, viz., that outer one which the True State will represent, and that inner one which will be represented by his divine Will. I said before, that all history was essentially mystic and spiritual; and

as the True State must be born of the mystic and spiritual nature of man, which is alone real and eternal (all temporal manifestations of it being transitory and evanescent), so must his *eternal* destiny be achieved in the regions of the spirit. I am desirous of making myself understood as clearly as possible on this subject; for to me it is a matter of the very highest import, and the only possible proof which we can have of the immortality of man. I said that the eternal destiny of man must be achieved in the regions of the spirit; and by this I mean that his divine volitions—which bear the same relation to the spiritual, as acts and deeds bear to the material world—will be the means, so to speak, of his growth and expansion into that immortal life which will await him on his exit from this terrestial sphere. Immortality will then be the *universal*, instead of being, as now, the *partial* heritage of the human race; and thus man will complete his temporal and eternal destiny together.

I will not here venture to tread upon that holy ground, which is hidden from all mortal eyes, and can only be trodden by the immortal spirit, nor will I attempt to draw down the secrets of the heavenly world, and declare the occupations of eternity; but I will repeat here, a passage which occurs to me, from the sacred writings of the wise old Druids, which neither now, nor at any future time, can cease from significance. "If," says the inspired Seer, "during human life, or the state of probation, the soul attaches itself to good, it *passes in the instant of death into a higher state of existence, where good necessarily prevails;* for in all states of existence above humanity, good preponderates; and therein all beings are necessarily good; *hence they can never fall, but are still advancing higher and*

higher in the scale of happiness and perfection, till they *arrive at* their *final destination, where every being, in his allotted place*, will be *completely happy to all eternity*. Liberty, however, will still remain in the exercise of love and benevolence; *for love is the principle which rules every thing, in those states of existence which are above humanity.*"

I now close these imperfect fragments of lectures; regretting only, that the pressure of urgent duties has prevented me from devoting more time in their elaboration and finish.

CHILDHOOD.

An happy Childhood! I look back to thee
With joy unspeakable. Thro' all the pain
And sufferance of Thought's infinity,
Have thy bright visions hovered o'er my brain,
Like pictures in the firmament of heaven.
And in the horrid sloughs of wild Despair,
And in the darkness that to Doubt is given,
Thy golden glory rushing has burst thro' the air.

And kindled with fresh flames the altar fire
Long dead as ashes, in my weary heart.
Ah happy Childhood! Thou can'st not expire;
Thy glorious dreams and images are part
Of God's invisible, eternal life.
Strange, mystic, wonderful, and wise art thou,
If man could find thee out amid his strife,
And read thy burning eyes, and thine immortal brow.

Who has not felt the beauty and the joy,
Of that sweet spring-time in the life of man,
When Nature owns her darling in the Boy,
And he, enchanted, all her works doth scan?
When every flower within the pasture green,
And every shadow in the silent pool,
Remind him of the Marvels he hath seen
In dim, old, vanish'd worlds, amid their umbrage cool?

Who has not felt the mystery of things,
When in that May of innocence divine,
He held sweet, wondering trustful communings,
With all the stars that in high heaven do shine—
With all the trees and plants, the hills, and streams,
And manifold bright creatures that do flash
In coloured fire, thro' meadows rank, like dreams?
Who has not heard thro' all the moonlight torrent's dash.

Remembered voices—like the alien cries
Of spirits in a lone and solemn world,
Which he has seen with its great Phantasies?

And whilst he mused, strange memories unfurled
Their Runes within him, and wild Shapes appeared,
And forms of beauty, such as heaven enfolds,
Stood, like a bright Apocalypse, revered—
With other memories cast in dim unearthly moulds.

Who taught the Child amid these scenes to feel
The wonder of a strange delight—the love
Of terror—and the terrible reveal:
As if he, born sublime the stars above
Were lord of all the elemental race,
And held them vassals while he played their game?
Who is the mighty Seer that can trace
Primeval life with God, in his bright form and name?

Ah scoffer! with thy empty heart and head,
Thy sightless eyes, alas! which never knew
The mystery of life; to whom the dead
Oblivious are for ever; who grew
By feeding on the poisonous Hellebore,
The Henbane, and the Nightshade of the mind;
Stay thy poor babblings! for the Child's deep lore
Thou ne'er canst read nor know, for thou art dark and blind.

For thee no foreworlds cast their mystic lumes
Along the Orient sky, when morning opes
His chambers in the East; the golden glooms
And hooded splendours in their azure copes,
Bring no remembrance of th' eternal clime;
Nor yet the torrid noon, or evening grey,
Nor all the Flaming Galaxies sublime—
But thou dost walk with death, thy weary life, alway.

Ah happy Childhood! thou art ever free
From the sad plight of unproductive years.
Thy temple is the cloistered canopy,
Thy anthems are the music of the spheres;
And thy young soul goes forth in storm and shine,
Nor doubts the deep religion; but reposes
With sweet and holy trustfulness divine,
In every marvellous truth which Nature's book discloses.

O would that I were once again a Child!
Methinks no joy on earth my joy could equal,
If all unconscious I could wander wild,
And live my happy life without a sequel.

For I remember in those early days,
Strange secrets, which unlocked the vivid scenes
Of the old pictured woods' primeval plays;
When disenchanted forms uprose, with wailing threnes,

Long prisoned there in a forgotten age;
And Silver Birches with their drooping hair
In wonderful discourse did me engage,
Enraptured with their loveliness so rare.
And every Oak a Druid Visage seemed
With its dark mystic eyes and prophet brow;
And these in words, such as I oft have *dreamed*,
Tho' *dead* the *language*, spoke of things I know not now.

And there were all bright creatures, Faun and Dryad,
Wood nymphs, and sweet inhabitants of flowers;
With merry Bacchus and his Pards, attired
In Leopard skins and grapes, to guile the hours.
And there were Satyrs, monstrous and obscene,
And all Pan's gathered empire; yet each wore
A spiritual mask, well known, I ween,
To ancient men who lived in the old Autumn yore.

Ah happy days! when fairy visions filled
My waking hours, and all the moony night;
When magic tale of Eld my being thrilled,
And deeper magic lived within my sight.
Nature's dark riddles were transparent then,
And flashed their meanings out of lustrous eyes;
But never more that time shall come again,
With all its marvels strange, and deep mythologies.

O Childhood! from the everlasting land
Whence thou dost come to this wild dream of earth,
Thou bringest intuitions deep and grand,
Attesting here to thy eternal birth.
But soon the shadows o'er thy spirit pass,
And darkness gathers round the world unseen,
Until, like Phantoms, in some Wizard's glass,
Thy glories change away like things which ne'er have been.

No more. I sing no more of Childhood's dreams,
Far reaching in the infinite profound:
Its wild deep insight of eternal themes,
And purity which makes earth holy ground.
For now the Child with other lore is fraught,
And Monster Questions smite his 'wildered brain;
From rapt Unconsciousness he wakes to Thought—
Whose fiery Presence burns his being like a pain.

Wherefore doth come this sudden, startling change
In him and Nature—now no more benign?
Why seems the Mother to the Child so strange,
Her bosom gushing not with milk but wine?
Alas, poor dreaming child! Thou must await
In the lush vineyard of the wise old Real;
Till he thy spirit doth intoxicate,
And bring thee back again to God's allwise Ideal.

But thou must pass thro' many trying states
And Fires Baptismal, ere thou come to bliss,
Thro' gloomy realms, inhabit by the Fates
And lurid darkness, where the Tempter is.
And Doubt and Agony thy soul shall tear
In the great shadow of the Vale of Death;
And thou shalt dwell in dungeons of despair,
Till Hope unlock the bars, and give thy spirit breath.

Then Faith shall come and lead thee by the hand
Into the temple of the Holy Sorrow.
And thou, again a little Child, shalt stand
And worship evermore without a morrow.
The Godlike Martyr on his cross shall be
The great Exemplar of thy life and aim,
The Type of Conquering Humanity,
And thou shalt dwell in him, and he in thee the same.

And 'mid the twilight glooms of those lone aisles
In meditation wrapt, thine eyes shall see
All heavenly secrets—and the dusky piles
Of pillared arches, with their imag'ry
Symbolical, shall flame like vivid speech;
And man's great destiny shall be revealed
In visions which no Intellect can reach,
And which, save Sorrow's worshipper, to all are sealed.

Then Herald Angels o'er thy birth shall sing—
Thy birth unto the infinite Supreme—
As erst they sang of the Eternal King
To those lone shepherds in their watchful dream.
And Thou,—eternal Vanquisher of Night,
Of Chaos and old Death—shalt soar away
To Heaven's embattled terraces of light,
Promethean Master crowned of thy enriddled clay.

REMINISCENCES OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

EDWINSTOWE is a quiet little village, standing on the outskirts of Sherwood Forest, in Nottinghamshire. I first visited it in the winter of 1844, having been invited to spend the day with Spencer Hall, the celebrated mesmerist, who was rusticating there. It was a very cold morning when I set out, and the snow lay deep and fresh upon the long, but beautiful road I had to travel. I was happy and merry as a man may be, and I believe my old dog Brush participated in the high spirits and gladsome humour of his master.

The house—or rather the cottage I was then living in—stood alone on the right hand side of a pleasant pastoral lane which led to the summit of Nickerbosk Hill—about three miles off—commanding a fine sweep of country, over which the ancient forest is scattered, with the misty mountains of Derbyshire looming in the horizon. I should like to stop and talk about that pretty cottage of mine, with its old white-washed walls, green doors and shutters—and the delightful garden and orchard which sloped so gently down into the valley behind it—for I spent three years under its hospitable roof, and learned many things there which I shall not soon forget. I do not suppose, however, that my associations with 'the old house at home' would much interest the reader; I will pass on, therefore, to the village of Edwin-

stowe, with my faithful dog, and leave the house behind me—just taking off my hat in reverence to the glorious walnut tree—the largest and most majestic I have ever seen—which stands so solemnly in the opposite field; his huge black trunk and arms, rendered yet more distinct by the hoary snow-flakes and pendulous icicles that glitter over his venerable head, like jewels in the crown of a monarch. So Brush, my friend, up and away! The forest is before us, and true hearts await our arrival in the village capitol. On the right, for nearly two miles, runs a rich valley belonging to the Duke of Newcastle. There is, however, but one farmstead visible, and that is at Westwood. The house fronts the lane, three fields off, and is fenced in with neat blue rails; it is a good substantial brick building, with a large barn and outhouses of the same material. The top of the straw and stubble stacks is covered with snow, and they have a slouching look about them, as if they had tumbled asleep in their night-caps. A row of dark yew and poplar trees flanks the farmstead on the east, and gives to it a marked and picturesque appearance, such as an artist would love to remember. At the very top of the hill, a little to the left, you may just see amidst black clusters of trees the gable and chimnies of Farley's House, another farmstead on the same estate. No one would imagine, from the general aspect of the country, that so magnificent a scene, as that which bursts upon you from the heights of yonder hill, were possible—unless by the power of some enchanter's wand; for it is truly an enchanted scene. Many a time in the warm summer weather—at haymaking, harvest and sheep-shearing—have I gone up there to enjoy the beauty of the landscape, and partake of the good cheer of the hospitable farmer,

beside the kitchen fire, which was always blazing and crackling under iron pots and saucepans, no matter whether it were hot or cold out of doors. But to believe in the wondrous glory of the landscape, one must see it; for words cannot paint it. Often have I gazed on it in the twilight, out of the parlour windows of that same house, whilst a poor consumptive friend at my side has made sweet and melancholy music out of the strings of his harpsichord. It was his delight to get me sit by him there in the gloaming of the summer night, when the sun was sinking in his fiery swathes, and silence seemed waiting until he had fairly departed to summon the stars from their hiding-places. Poor fellow! we spoke few words at such times, yet he would often make me weep tears of muffled agony, to hear the tones which he drew from his instrument. The dying man singing a requiem over the dying day! It was too much to bear with an unmoved heart, and I could *not* bear it. He died in the fall of that sweet summer time, far away from Farley's, and rests quietly, after his short life, in the bosom of his native hills. God's peace be with him!

To get a full view of the scene I have spoken of, you should take up your position in front of the house, where there is nothing to impede the magnitude of the prospect. If you will now open your eyes wide enough you can see into four counties! Right before you lies Derbyshire, whose flaming lime-furnaces are distinctly visible in a dark night—and a little further to the left the vallies of Yorkshire, if it be a fine day, sleep in the sunshine; whilst the church of notorious East Retford and that of Gamston still nearer us, with the villas, woods, and cottages, which dot the intermediate spaces, proclaim the merry shire of Nottingham. Now

turn completely round to the right hand, and behold Lincoln Cathedral twenty miles off, towering into heaven, hooded and cowled, frowning over all the vale of Trent—and the vast amphitheatre which stretches from the great Cliff road to the Derby hills! That is a sight which no man could forget in one lifetime. At the foot of Farley's House—not two hundred yards off—lies an old gorgeous wood—formerly a part of Sherwood forest—called Bevercoats Park, sacred to me by many memories, and jovial also by many others of quite a different character. For I have dreamed of glorious things in that old wood, alone, both by night and by day; and many happy social parties have I enjoyed there, with merry boys laughing and playing about us—some climbing the tall trees after woodpigeons' eggs, some hunting squirrels on the leafy branches of the hazels, and others, with their shoes and stockings off, dabbling about in the numerous shallow streams of water, with a fool's cap of rushes on their heads. I remember once how I baptized, by real immersion, a sweet rosy boy of my own, now dead, alas! in a pool of clear crystal, carpeted all round with moss, the growth of ages, which gave way like luxurious down beneath my feet, whilst his half-trembling, half-laughing mother stood fluttering by like a bird. I will say, however, that what I have called my jovial memories, are not unmixed with sorrow, at all events in their strictly moral relations and bearings—although the morality of the facts themselves never troubles me during the perpetration of them. And here let me shrive myself, in the most religious manner, by a full confession. Right behind this wood, in a sweet pasture which slopes gently down to another old green lane—of which there are so many here-

abouts—stood a neat white house, fenced round with palings of the same colour—if white be a colour—and in the house lived a gamekeeper! He was a young man with black hair and very questionable eyes, tall, strong, and well built, as if he had been expressly made for his occupation. He kept two large bull mastiffs—one of which was chained to his kennel at the back door, and the other, with his saw-toothed brass collar, was allowed to range at liberty, being quiet enough if things went right with him. He was a splendid beast, with a prodigious head and shoulders, and his front legs bowed out wide enough for a wheelbarrow to pass through them. He had had an immense carcase—brindle-coloured and striped—which tapered off towards the extremities, and lost itself in a mathematical point at the end of the tail. His hinder legs would have carried a tiger—such muscular blades and strong bones, I never saw attached to any animal before. His name was Turk! and a precious Turk he was. He had a good humoured face, notwithstanding the ferocity of his general aspect. His eyes literally laughed at you, and as he turned his knowing head about he displayed such a set of 'ivories' under that black jowl of his, that one couldn't help thinking it were safest to keep friendly with the owner. He has often jumped with his front paws upon my shoulder, and thrust his cold snout into my face—until I have wished him at the bottom of the Idle—but recollecting that he was a Turk, I have patted his head, and telling him he was a good fellow, bade him go and take possession of the hearth-rug; a command which he obeyed when it suited him.

All round the cottage (and I am of course speaking now of the summer season, quite conscious, although it is too late, of wandering far away from my pe-

destrian excursion to Edwinstowe) were pens and coops, for rearing young pheasants and partridges in. For every partridge's nest, found and brought to him by wandering school-boys and others, the keeper paid one shilling—or *should* have paid it, for so ran the Duke's law—and for every pheasant's, two shillings. The eggs were then put under brooding fowls, and when hatched, were reared in these pens; as soon as they were able to fly, the prison doors were opened, and they were set at liberty. The keeper had many manors to preserve, besides the park of Bevercoats, and so he kept a horse to lighten the work. He got about £40 a year, besides his house and orchard, and rented some sixteen acres of meadow land under the Duke, upon which he kept his horse, a few sheep, and two cows. He had always a large stack of hay also to sell in the market. He fed his own pork, grew his own potatoes, other vegetables and fruit, and was so well, off that at the time I had the honour of his acquaintance, he had taken to himself a wife—a pale interesting looking woman with blue eyes, and dark hair.

These are the facts, so far as the gamekeeper, and all that was his, were concerned. I forgot to say, however, that his sitting-room contained a good strong bureau, full of gun-caps, powder-flasks, and shot-bags, whilst a buck's head and horns hung over the chimney-piece, with a heavy double-barrelled gun, and sundry dog-collars and ram-rods, interspersed with painted pictures of the saints—whom, may the Pope pardon for being in such bad company. A single-barrelled gun usually stood against the clock-case—capt and on half cock, as the sportsmen have it. The only book my friend had in the house was a 'big ha' bible," illus-

trated, which he had taken in in numbers—and was himself taken in thereby and done for! This book he showed me with great ostentation—bidding me especially mark the lawful entry of the births and deaths of all his family connections, beginning I know not where, downwards to the little infant which was nestling in its mother's bosom. Underneath this sitting-room was a large cellar, wherein the keeper stowed away the hares, pheasants, partridges, and rabbits he killed, previously to their being sent away to Clumber, the residence of his Grace of Newcastle. And talking of rabbits reminds me that it was for the liberty of killing rabbits occasionally, that I sought the fellowship of my good friend, the keeper. I had often heard the farmer, at Farleys, complain bitterly that the rabbits ate him up; destroyed his crops in the fields contiguous to the park, and prevented him from getting a fair share even of his own labour. He was willing enough—since he couldn't help himself—that the rabbits should have a *part* of his crops, but they were not content with this—they demolished or spoiled the whole. He told me they damaged him, what with the rent of the land, the cost of the labour, and the seed and the produce they consumed, not less than £40 per annum, and this too out of a poor farm of 160 acres, or thereabouts. So I thought it would be but charity to get leave to kill some of these vermin, and I obtained leave the more readily, because the duke had given orders for them to be destroyed a short time previously, and so it was that I got my jovial memories. For, with old Turk for a companion, I have strolled down the dim glades of the wood many a summer night from six to nine o'clock, and many an unhappy wretch of a rabbit have I sent to account,

with all his corn-devouring sins upon his head! If I wanted to tread softly over the rotten sticks of the pathway, and particularly wished to keep Turk at heel, I had nothing to do but hold up my hand, and the rogue would crawl like a reptile on his very belly after me. The moment I fired, however, he was off like a shot, and speedily brought the dead game and laid it at my feet. He was a cunning brute. Hard words wouldn't do with him, and soft ones he well knew broke no bones.

Not to dwell longer on this deadly topic, now that I have made my confession and properly shrived myself as I proposed, I will now continue my journey. Yet that old wood haunts me like a ghost. I wish we could catch a glimpse of it from this long, dreary, and snowy road. He who has seen the sun set over it, has witnessed a sight which ages could not blot out. It lies even now like a picture in my memory. Larch, oak, beech, birch, elm, and yew trees are all intermingled there, with their various coloured foliages, stained with the out-gushed blood of the expiring sun. In dark and heavy masses the wood stretches away for many a rood; and the rocks are flying towards it for shelter, and are lost in the purple haze; the fox barks in the distance, and the house-dog answers him chained in his snug kennel. Hundreds of rabbits and hares are frisking by the wood-side, or feasting luxuriously in the corn-fields and the grass of the dewy meadows. The dusky form of the keeper is seen perhaps for a moment at the gate of one of the ridings of the wood. And all is still, save silence with its inarticulate voices which fill the heaven and earth with mysterious melodies, like the soft breathings of angelic lyres.

Once more let us walk on. Why, how now,

Brush! What makes thee so savage with the frozen turf at the bottom of that hedge-row? Ah, I see! There is a hole there—the den of some rascally weasel—and clearly do I mark his track through the snow. Let him be, dog! He is far from the reach of thy teeth at present—and wert thou to chaw the earth and tear it with those good paws of thine for a whole moon, thou couldst not come at him. He has back doors thou art not acquainted with. So forward!

'He who hath a bishopric hath a good thing'—said Archdeacon Paley, or some other member of the ghostly fraternity—but I say, he who hath a good dog, hath a better and braver thing. I I would not part with my fox terrier for all the bishoprics in Christendom. Just see how joyous the old fellow is! How he scampers along the road—snuffs at every tunnel's mouth, and sends the breath of his nostrils down every rat or mouse hole he comes near. Hurra Brush! That was a noble summerset! The rogue is lying on his back, with his legs stretched out as far as they will reach, and his hairy nose rooting amongst the snow. Now he rises, shakes himself, sneezes, and wipes off the snow from his sleek red chops with that ever ready right paw of his. Look! he is off through the the hedge, and is beating the field like a pointer. We shall have a course soon.

As we pass along the old lane the landscape to the left becomes more varied and picturesque. Farm-houses appear—Egmanton Wood, and Laxton Mound, with the tall trees on its summit, are visibly distinct; and over the intermediate valley several hop gardens are scattered, which you may trace in spite of the snow, by the long, dark, bare poles, that stand there like 'sentinels holding out

signals of distress.' Advancing still further, we get a fine view to the left—the black Wood of Laxton, carrying off the whole of that part of the vale of Sherwood which is visible, and making a fine perspective picture of Booton Brake, with its old church and straggling village. You may see the spire of Edwinstowe likewise shooting up through the forest trees, although we are now six miles from it.

At the foot of the next hill run three cross roads. A broken signpost stands in one corner of the lane, which formerly acted as a friendly guide to the weary traveller. It is now old, and has nothing to say to you; and yet to me it is a very eloquent and interesting object. I have often, when returning late in the midnight from a walk in the forest, seen gypsey's tents pitched beside it—and have been greeted by an invisible gruff voice, demanding 'What's the hour, Mister?' amid the growling of dogs, and the curses of the good folks within calling upon them to lie down and be quiet. A romantic object is a gypsey's tent in the moonlight —with its gaunt and skeleton horses and asses quietly grazing beside it.

There is no time, after all this loitering, for sentiment, else I know not how romantic one might get over the savage gypsey race. We will let them rest, however, for the present. The left hand road leads down to Kirton and Ollerton—and straight before us, about the distance of a quarter of a mile, is the celebrated Nickerbosk Hall. As we proceed from the old sign-post, the lane narrows,—the road is good nevertheless, both for man and beast—with a green sward on either side of it, bristling here and there with rushes, like a porcupine's back. The long dark wood, now visible on our right, is a continuation of Bevercoats Park, and hangs over

the deep cutting of the hill. You must look up *twice*, before you can see the top of the majestic trees which guard the gut of that gloomy pass, into the valley below. We shall come up to it, however, in a few minutes, and then we will talk further about it.

Well, we are now at the top of the hill. Look you! there is a little gate at the right hand, which, if you follow the path by the wood-side, will conduct you to that keeper's house I have spoken of. And behold! yonder is that villanous dog of mine in full chase after an old hare, that having tried the speed of its pursuer, is very leisurely galloping along over the ploughed clods, as if quite conscious of its security. Ho! Brush. So ho! Don't you know you are poaching? and on the Duke of Newcastle's preserves too? If he should catch you,—but let us descend the hill.

What a long, rugged, and jagged steep it is! A finer place—in a dark moonless night—could not well be conceived for highway robbery and murder. Just fancy, at such a season, the cocking of a pistol within two yards of you—hardly a "gentlemanly distance," I should say. Occurrences like this have transpired, if report may be relied on, and the country people hereabouts have an endless budget of boggard and hobgoblin tales in connexion with this hill, which they relate with becoming solemnity to their children and grandchildren, over the winter fire in the capacious nooks of the chimney walls. I will confess, however, that it was never my good fortune to fall in with any of these supernatural existences—although I have travelled up the hill very frequently, both in darkness and moonshine. I once met with a gang of poachers there stealing under the shadows of the woodside, and I certainly

did not feel very comfortable at the sight of their glittering gun-barrels; but having a sort of natural sympathy with the lawless occupation of these wild midnight adventurers, I struck up an old song I had learned in days gone by, a well-known poaching song, beginning thus:—

'When I was bound apprentice, in fam'd Northamptonshire,'

and bidding the lads good night, I made the woods echo again as I strode up the steep hill; I didn't know the whole of the song, but I made the most of what I did know. I have often laughed heartily when thinking of the opportune impudence which possessed me on that occasion; and the words,

'We caught the hare alive, my boys, and sold her for a crown,
For its my delight, of a shiny night, in the season of the year!'

rang in my brain, like a peal of bells, for weeks afterwards.

You may see by the height of the hill above us, and the huge masses of rock which buttress it up, that it was no light work to cut a way here. Look you! how the roots of the trees have in some places split the earth—and in others fastened themselves like grappling irons in the old hill's ribs. Long fibrous tendrils, fretted with frozen snow, drop down here and there from the summit, which is corniced with fantastic wreaths of the green and glossy ivy. Large boulders, fit to be seats for giants, lie every few paces by the side of this precipitous causeway, and the water, which is considerable after rainy weather, has carved out a channel behind them for its headlong speed. On the opposite side it is less rocky, and the soil has given way in some parts, making deposits deep enough for ash and other saplings to grow in it. In spring, the whole of the

bank is literally gemmed with the pale golden blossoms of the early primrose; and in summer there is such an array of crimson, blue, and bright red flowers, that I have often blessed God for the beauty he has so lavishly scattered over the earth.

I wish we had time to wander in the old wood above us. Not two hundred yards hence, there is the wildest forest scene I have ever beheld. A short time ago—during the latter end of the autumn, when the hazel-nuts were ripe, I was shooting there with the keeper. We entered the wood, from the pasture, over a wide hedge gap, and were soon buried among the darkling trees. Down and down we went, deep into the bowels of the wood—interrupted here and there by ledges of earth, which toppled over yawning ravines—but still we went downwards. And at last we came to the bottom of the wild pit-like deep. The keeper bade me look up. Heaven itself was shut out by the dark greenery of the trees, and right before us on the distant heights, frowning over the solitude below, stood clusters of ancestral oaks, and beneath them a rapid torrent came tumbling and roaring to our feet. 'This ere place,' said the keeper, 'is called "hell-hole," and a considerable sort of a hellish place it is,—be'ant it?'

We must not stop here any longer however, but proceed as fast as may be consistent with the safety of one's shin bones, to the village of Walesby, about half a mile hence. And, now Brush, you must keep at heel; for in yonder field at the bottom of the hill, to the right of us, there is generally a whole army of hares and pheasants exercising; which, since it is daylight, and sundry people are about, it would not be wise either in you or me to spoil. There they are truly. And do but look at that

rapscallion of a dog! He is describing all sorts of angles and curves with his nose on the ground, his eyes burning like fire, and his tail wagging backwards and forwards as if he had got the Polka. I tell you, Master Brush, it won't do. So come on sir! and behave yourself like a gentleman. One would think the dog had been bred a poacher, to look at him.

A little further on is a stone bridge, over which we must pass. Let us rest upon it a moment, and look down upon the clear running brook. What a sweet bubbling music comes up to gladden us from the cool water. You can count the pebbles at the bottom, and see the movements of the beautiful trout as they flash under the archway. I know the beloved stream well, and its fair silver-bosomed mother also; for she flows past Spencer Hall's cottage, near Sutton-in-Ashfield—through Edwinstowe, along the margin of Sherwood, close to the house of my good friend Christopher Thompson — poet, painter, man!—and wanders far away, through Ollerton, over meadow and marsh—the best trout stream in England! Ah Brush! come away there. Let the rats rest in their holes for once—and don't be spoiling my poetical associations with your canine propensities. I wouldn' have even a rat killed in that stream, just now, for a kingdom.

Walesby lies before us. It is a quiet—and upon the whole a pretty village: although there are too many flaring brick houses in it to be rural. That neat and solid mansion to the right, is the residence of the clergyman, and you may just see the blue slates on the top shining here and there through the white snow. Still further in the same direction, at the bottom of the lane, there is a thick cluster of trees—look you? They are stripped now of their

beautiful green summer foliage, and look desolate enough: yet they hide a scene both rare and curious. I wish we had time to visit it, or that I had words sufficiently picturesque to paint it for you.

Before I attempt to do so, however, let me tell you what makes it an object of so much interest. Did you ever hear of a duck decoy? That is, a place set apart for the breeding and snaring of wild fowl? If not, I will tell you, as well as I can, what it is like; for yonder marks the locality of one, belonging—like most of the property in this neighbourhood—to the Duke of Newcastle.

In one of my long Saturday afternoon walks, I came upon it unawares. A little boy, in a blue pinafore, was standing against the door of a lonely cottage, hard by; and I asked him by what name the quadrangular wood was known. 'It be'ant a wood, sir,' he answered, 'but a duck decoy, and my grandfather keeps it.' I told him I should like to see it, and offered him a few pence to shew me the way. A sweet bright-eyed girl at this moment came running out of the cottage, and asked her brother Jim, as she called him, what the gentleman wanted? Jim having satisfied her on this point, she said she would go with us—and away the children ran, through the garden-gate, and clambered over a stile which led into a fine pasture, with the decoy at the bottom. We were soon there, and entered a white gate within the trees. A narrow gravel path, with a well mowed strip of grass on one side, and on the other a flower-bed, variegated with July roses, pinks, lilies, carnations, and evergreens, ran all round the decoy. My guides struck off this path into another, which conducted us by some out-buildings, to the dry bed of a stream, where a number of men were at work nailing reeds

to a frame of wood, many yards long, and as high as a wall. The little girl ran to find her grandfather—an old grey headed man—seventy-five years of age—as he told me. His face was as ruddy as the morning—he walked upright and firm, and had a hatchet in his hand. He was very civil and obliging, and showed me all over that cool and romantic spot. I enquired the purpose of the reed wall; and he said it was once used as a decoy for ducks. 'You see that hole,' (five times as large as a common pigeon-hole) he said. 'Well, the wall you observe is zigzag. and formerly, it was the custom to bait these holes with bread or corn, and run a well trained dog through them, with a bit of scarlet round his neck. The ducks followed the dog, and ate the bait up at every hole they passed. Other dogs were then let loose, and hunted them down, the men helping them with their bludgeons. We don't use it now—but the Duke will have it kept in repair, out of remembrance for the good old times.'

He showed me the decoys in present use. They were shaped like the circular roof of a carrier's cart, and were made of strong pack-cord, crossed at right angles, and fastened over a narrow dyke in the adjoining banks. The fowl were always fed here night and morning. There was a large trap-door in front, suspended by a cord that ran over the top behind a wooden wall at the other end, where the keeper, when he wanted a supply of ducks, watched at feeding-time, until the decoy was sufficiently full. Then down went the trap; whilst he and two or three assistants entered a door behind, and knocked them on the head with sticks, in a very cool and business-like manner.

We then went across a large pond, full of tench, eels, roach, dace, and perch, on a long, narrow plank, railed on each side. Tall, glorious trees grew all around it, and the margins were covered with sharp sword-flags. Emerging from the trees, we beheld a fine lake, dotted with little islands, to one of which an oblong flat-bottomed boat was moored. On the other side was a mound of considerable height, with a summer-house upon it, just visible through the trees and shrubs. The broad horse-shoe leaves of the water-lily lay upon the edges of the lake like a gorgeous mosaic pavement; the leaves being of a bright yellow green, and the flowers of livid gold. We started several ducks from their hiding-places amongst the bulrushes, as we walked round the decoy, at which the children shouted and clapped their tiny hands, whilst the old man smiled to see them so happy. I was entranced at the beauty and silence of this sweet retreat. And then how cool and refreshing it was, compared with the burning fields outside! Here and there were small ponds, over-arched with trees, through which the sunshine only broke in gleams, and looking down into their dark depths, you might see the shadowy picture reflected in all the witchery of a dream. Every now and then we caught the sound of the hammer, and heard the splashing of the wild fowl, and the heavy uprushing noise of their wings, as they started in alarm at our approach.—We could not see them for the trees—but that only added to the romance and poetry of the place.—Having walked completely round the decoy, I bade my good friends farewell, and walked over the fields to the village of Walesby, where I will now resume my journey.

On our left hand is the church, a simple, unpre-

tending building, where the forefathers of the hamlet worshipped for ages. We must keep on that side the road, as the turn conducts us to the village. Ho! boys. Can you keep yourselves warm to-day? See how they are chasing one another from gate to gate with snow-balls. Whew! that one was near enough to my ear for a miss. And look! my villain of a dog has seized the tattered breach of one of the combatants, and pins him. Off there, Brush! Do you hear? Let go your teeth, scamp, will you. Here, I say. That's dog-like enough. Do but see how the rogue comes crawling towards me, with his tail between his legs. You know you have been doing wrong, sir: and I've half a mind to let you feel the weight of my stick. However, I can, perhaps, satisfy the boy with a few pence, and if so, it will save your bones. What say you, my lad?—shall I trounce this brute of a dog, or give you these coppers instead? 'Gie me the coppers fust, sir, and lick the dog arterwards.' A very natural sort of answer.

Well, this matter settled, let us call, before we proceed further, at one of the farm-houses here, and get a cup of milk. It's no matter at which. They are all known to me, and right hospitable folks they are who live in them. So now, Brush, let us enter the next gate, and mind you behave yourself amongst the barn-door game.

I love a farm house; there is such an appearance of comfort and plenty about it. Yonder croft and orchard, just at the back of the church, make the house we are approaching very delightful in summer. And even now, in a cold starry night, when the horses and beasts are bedded down, and all the work is done, the men and lads make them merry enough with their games at hide-and-seek, foot-

ball, or quoits. See what numbers of cocks and hens are gathered round the kitchen-door, clucking and cackling over the corn which the rosy-faced and bare red-armed milk-girl has just thrown there. And mark! from the pond yonder, how the ducks are rushing, quacking and waddling, as fast as their wings and legs will let them, to the same spot. Look sharp, good birds, or you'll lose your dinners.

And now, suppose we enter the house. What an array of bright tin milk-buckets, and copper kettles and saucepans, are standing by the doorstead!—'Thou, dear Lord!' as the old woman at Andernach said, one would wonder, when they are once full, how mouths could be found in one house to empty them. Come out, Brush; don't be poking your nose in there before your master. And see, there's the old sheep-dog. Now for a row! Ah! my good neighbour, you have just called Snuff back in time to prevent a fight. How are you? and how are all the lads? I've just called to shake you by the hand, drink a cup of milk, and then off for the forest.

The kind dame—with her pale face and melancholy eyes—who is a widow, with a large up-growing and rather unwieldy family—is gone to skim her best panchion, and in the meanwhile, a loll in the broad arm-chair before the kitchen-fire will be comfortable. Master Brush is already down on all fours, and warming his snout in the ashes. It is a real specimen of a kitchen, this. Large and lofty, with a dresser as white as snow on one side, over which is a long plate-rack, full of blue-edged crockery. Just under the window is a burly copper for brewing, and close to it a pump and washing-trough. There is a fair roomy cupboard likewise on one side the fire-place—and the

chimney-piece is full of kitchen apparatus. Two long shelves are empty—we saw their usual tenants outside. Immense flitches of bacon and hams hang from the rafters of the ceiling, along with an old gun, used by the boys to scare crows and sparrows in corn time.

I need not say that there are very different sorts of rooms in the house to this kitchen. If you could see the great parlour, with its massy chairs and tables, carpeted all over, you would say it was a room fit for any honest yeoman. It is seldom put into requisition, however, unless friends and relations come to spend the afternoon and evening. At feast-time and Christmas it is worth looking into. Every chair is filled with sweet country girls, and hale young farmers, who laugh, and talk, and sing in turns. I have seen too, with my own eyes, such kissing and struggling, or pretence of struggle, as almost made me quake and envy, notwithstanding my marriage vows. And then how the girls would blush right over their rosy necks and shoulders—the blood fairly mantling them from their foreheads downwards, like a rosy veil. 'Pray don't Tom let me alone.' Ah, I have often heard that equivocal exclamation; but I must confess, to the shame of all virgin utterers of it, I never yet knew a full stop, nor so much as a comma, put after the word don't. Now this is not said maliciously, nor, what is quite as bad, wittily, but as a fact to which every wicked son of a farmer will bear testimony.

Here comes the good dame, however, with a basin—one of her best—edged with gold, too, I declare—full of rich milk. Health to thee and thine, neighbour! and thank you. Faith! that was a sweet answer I got: and how poetical! 'You're welcome, sir, as the flowers of May.' A basin of

milk, with a welcome like the flowers of May stuck about it! That reminds me of Sir Thomas Overbury and his milkmaid's winding-sheet. I will be henceforth certain, that the commonest gift—even a beaker of cold water—may be so adorned with the beauty of kind and hospitable words, that it shall exceed in pleasantness the most costly oblations. And so, good-morrow, thou true-hearted woman, and God's blessings be with you.

On each side of the village are good solid farm houses, with neat gardens before them; and at the extreme end of the main road, round which we turn for the forest, are a few low thatched cottages—the windows broken, and the holes stuffed with rags. Further on, however, to the left, we come to a better description of cottages, made of brick—but they are very gloomy—and altogether unlike those of a rural hamlet. The roads are badly drained, and the dykes generally full of green muddy water. The snow makes them look chaste just now; but I know what a mass of disease is simmering underneath it. Straight before us is another farm house, newly built, with the tall Subscription Mill in the distance. The Retford and Newark road runs parallel with this house: and between it, and the two next cottages on the left, lies a narrow sandy lane, which we must now enter. I forgot to mention the alehouse on the opposite side, where I have put up my horse many a time, after a hard gallop on the moor. There it stands fronting the road, with a flight of steps for the traveller to mount before he enters. A comfortable place is a village inn, when man and beast are tried, hungry, and dry. I could say much for these wayside houses in England, if I were so disposed, for nine-tenths teetotaller as I am, I never could shut up my heart to the

true practical poetry that surrounds them. I have seen many alehouses which have realized good old Izaah Walton's pictures in his classical book on Angling, and have smoked my pipe on the broad bench under the window in the little garden literally smothered in honeysuckles. No such house exists hereabouts, however; and so now for the sandy lane aforesaid.

This lane conducts to a wild moor, about a quarter of a mile hence. It is patched all over with great gorse-bushes, and is the skirt of Sherwood forest on the Walesby side. A few seconds will bring us up to it, and then we shall lose sight of all human habitations until we arrive at Edwinstowe, four miles off, if we except one or two keeper's lodges. And now, Brush, we will turn off here, at right angles, and pass through the little gate which you and I know of old. Bang! If thy head had been between the gate and the post—Brush! But whew! the old dog is away, tearing like mad, as the country folks have it, over the moor, and flinging up a white shower of snow at his heels. Glorious brute that he is, how he enjoys the life in that little body!

Look out now, clean over the moor, and behold what a fine broad landscape is before us. Stately trees flank the moor in dark masses—relieved by gentle openings of forest land—and as far as the eye can reach is one wild and wondrous picture presented to it—made still more solemn by its drapery of snow. Luckily the sun has forgotten to shine today. Any spangled pageantry that he could add to the landscape would spoil it. I don't like to see the sun shine when snow is on the ground, especially in the forest. Sunshine and snow don't mix very well in Nature's pictures—and that's the reason I suppose

that sunshine melts snow. I have got my heart's desire, however, to-day, for there is nothing to break the grandeur of the prospect. The wind blows fresh, too, over the moor, and fills me with such inexplicable joy that I can't help leaping like a buck. Up with thee, thou vile cap of mine—and hurra! for the rare old wind. Faith! what a sky it is. Why, where have been my eyes, that I have not noticed it before? 'Thou dear Lord!' I have been looking all the while a-head, as the Yankees say, and not *above* my head. It is a fine sight. Great black neutral tint clouds rise up like a vast Andesian chain of mountains—their white peaks striking the very top of heaven. An ocean of billowy monsters, with high crests and claws—primeval shapes: half dragon, half mammoth—fleeting forms, infernal, supernal, swim over the abyssmal concave; and now, whilst I speak, they have passed into new transformations, as if, in this strange and startling phantasmagoria, Nature were showing us the shadows of inhabitants of unknown worlds. Wonderful! It was well said, by Emerson, in some such words as these: Give me health and a day, and I will make kings and emperors like beggars in my great affluence.

But come, we are now over the moor, and have arrived at a stone bridge which crosses the river Idle—the same trout stream I have before mentioned, into which runs that little brook we paused to look at on yon side Walesby. It is very picturesque from this bridge. The trees hang over the river, as far as we can trace it in its meanderings, and an island of rushes is in the middle of it. There is a man on the moor driving a few sheep homewards, towards the village. And see! That dusky bird which rises out of the water is a moor-hen.

I have heard the villagers say there is a well hereabouts, 'Robin Hood's Well,' and if I knew where to look for it, I would visit it, and drink to the bave outlaw's memory, even if I had to break the ice to get at the water. But farewell, thou beautiful stream—I must continue my journey.

Now from this bridge to the first lodge gate, at the entrance of Thoresby Park (part of Sherwood), is a gravel road with deep side-ruts, in which I have seen as many as twenty gipsey's camps pitched; sheltered by the large gorse bushes which grow by the roadside, and looking upon the whole very snug and comfortable. The last time I came this way was on a fine summer morning in August. The grass was wet with dew, and all heaven lay open before me, in its clear blue depths, over which a few light fleecy clouds were sailing silently and alone. A few yards from this bridge a gipsey's tent was fixed, and the fire was blazing and crackling before it—crossed by three stakes, stolen no doubt (and I say it without ill nature) from the neighbouring hedge. Three or four children, in red, blue, and brown rags, were romping by the road-side, and several asses were quietly feeding near them. A strong, tall, and dark visaged man was seated on the grass, preparing a hedgehog for breakfast, whilst an unwomanly woman was filling the tea-kettle at the river. I entered into conversation with the man, and found him so much inclined to be friendly and communicative, that I squatted down opposite to him, and asked for a stick to light my pipe withal. The woman soon returned, and the children gathered round me with such importunity and impudence, that I never felt so much inclined to die of merriment before. One asked the 'good gentleman' for a ha'penny—another begged my meerschaum—and a

third told me I had got a pretty waistcoat on, and wondered how *she* should look in it. The vermin! I do verily believe they were quizzing me. At last I tossed them a few pence, and having quarrelled and cuffed each other in the scramble to get at them—rolling head over heels as if they hadn't a joint in their bodies—they grew tolerably quiet. I asked the man if he really loved the kind of life he led; and he told me he wouldn't live in a house, when the spring and summer came, for all Earl Manvers was worth. He said they seldom camped in winter, but took up their abode in large towns. 'And don't the wind and cold bite you sometimes at night?' 'Lord bless you, sir! no,' said he, 'we lies as snug inside them blankets as you do in your feather beds. And then we always turns out at sunrise, and gets the smell of the morning air; and I dare say we be as happy as other folks.'

At this moment a large dog showed his ugly head at the tent door, and having yawned and stretched himself, went and laid down at his master's feet, taking no more heed of me than if I had been one of the family. Presently the woman threw him a bone, and I was surprised at hearing several rapid and angry 'caw caws,' as if the dog were saying his grace for the bounty, in the language of a jackdaw. 'Hallo! Jack,' said the woman, 'what are you doing up there? Come down, sir, and I'll gie ye a bit, if you havn't found worms anew all these hours to serve your dainty maw for beakfast.' I followed with my eyes the direction in which the woman looked—and behold! upon one of the branches of the hedge was perched a real jackdaw. What a cunning, droll, creature it seemed, as it snapped its black beak amid the green leaves. 'Come down there, will you?' continued the woman; and after

turning its blue grey poll from side to side, and looking askance at us out of its sly eyes, it flew very deliberately upon the woman's shoulder, uttering another sonorous 'caw, caw,' as it settled in its new quarters.

'A queer bird that, sir;' said the man, he carries off the children's things, when we aint looking at him, and hides them—and hides 'em where no mortal sight can find them. He can talk too, like a parson if he chooses; and I never he'erd his fellow, to swear in all my born days.' 'Ah!' said I, you teach him, I suppose?' 'Nay, nay,' he answered, 'devil a bit: but them gals and boys plague him so cussedly sometimes, that he can't help it.'

Of course I laughed outright at the fellow's wit, and rose to depart. Before I left them, I asked one or two questions bearing upon their education and morals; and I found, as I expected, that they were totally deficient in the commonest rudiments of knowledge and principle. They could neither read nor write—but like the man who knew another that had seen Napoleon, they told me that Ishmael Toon (one of their tribe) had seen a gypsy abroad who could read the book we called the bible; and that since the Methedykes had talked to them—one Sunday, years ago—the woman before me had taught the children to say '*shart in heaven.*'

And now we have arrived at Thoresby Park. A broad lane, stretching right and left, from that we have just passed, like a horizontal line upon the top of a perpendicular one. Ollerton town is on our left hand, and old Thoresby on our right. We must enter the white handsome gate before us however, and in half-an-hour we shall be in the heart of Sherwood. What a beautiful house is the lodge by the gate side. None but a nobleman could af-

ford to shelter his servants in such splendid mansions. A rich flower-garden is before it; and several fine mountain ashes, glittering with their blood-red berries, hang over the tall box hedges. A lattice work of wood cases the entire front of the house, and I have seen it blossoming with roses and jessamine. On the other side of the lodge is a plantation of pines—so dark and gloomy in their aspect that they bring back to my mind, at least, some of the old feudal associations, when enchanted black forests were in fashion. Hark to the yelping of the deer-hounds, at the back of the house. They know well enough that a strange foot is on the green sward. And again, hark! that was the baying of a blood-hound, or my ears have lost their knowledge of dog-music. The keeper who lives here has the care of the bucks and does, whole herds of which we shall soon see; I have got many a good shoulder of venison, and many carcases of young fawn from this place; and although I have lacked Lord Manvers' port and claret to wash it down withal, I have done ample justice that way, by tapping the veins of sundry *bears* of my own *bruin*. Recollect, however, this merrry-making only came now and then: that is, once or twice in the season. It was worth while, I tell you, to drink nothing but cold water for twelve-months as a penance, in order to enjoy that Feast of Pentecost. But I will say no more about it, lest the abstemious reader write me down a tippler—which Bacchus and all his pards can testify, I am not. I love good fellowship notwithstanding; but generally speaking, I subscribe to the graceful saying of the Indian apostle:—'Wine is a generous liquor, for which we should be humbly thankful; but as I recollect, water was made before it.'

What a magnificent row of oaks—with their mighty arms and gorgeous crowns—stands on the left of the gravel road. Through the spaces which intersect their broad trunks, vistas of antique wood scenery break upon us; heightened in their beauty by the glorious deer which are scattered over them. Not far from us, a little knot are lying on the grass —their delicate lady-legs folded under their proud bosoms—and close to them a fine antlered buck is standing, watching with bright eyes and intensely listening ears, the motions of that wicked dog of mine, who is very gallantly beating the bush not far from them.

Let us now descend this gentle hill and proceed. The park widens into a fine pasture land for the support of the deer. Whole herds of the beautiful creatures are feeding in detached groups, whilst others are galloping over the sward, and rejoicing in their strength and swiftness. You may just see Thoresby Hall through the trees, far away to the right. If we had leisure, how gladly would I take you to that fine old mansion. It is situate in the centre of the park, and a noble stream runs by it, which dashes into waterfalls by the bridge side. In the garden, a fountain is visible; flashing its silver coruscations into heaven, and then dropping them like streams of stars into its own ample basin below. Passing in front of the hall, you advance under a dark canopy of pines, to a lake on the other side of it. It is a fine sheet of water; and the only time I saw it, was one clear moonlight night, at the latter end of the summer. I was on foot, and going to meet a friend, who was to drive that way home from Eckington Station. I came upon it quite unexpectedly, and shall never forget it. The moon and stars burnt it in my brain like

a fire-picture. O beautiful lake! I watched thee in thy silentness so long, and saw such magical sights of heaven's pageantry, and earth's loveliness, reflected in thy mysterious bosom, that I have ever since worn thy image in my heart, as the bridegroom wears that of his bride. The opposite shore looked shadowy and dim, so that I could hardly see the trees and bushes which grew upon it. The soft night wind swept over the water like the music of an Æolian harp; and in the middle of the lake a swan was moving like a spirit, its full voluptuous bosom heaving with tremulous rapture beneath the kisses of the moon. I fancied I could discern its mate, floating near the apparition of a schooner-rigged yacht, which lay moored in the distance; and at the extremity of the lake on a rocky mountain stood a castle, with streamers flying from the turrets—in which no feudal lord, but the humble boatman lived. The village of Cuckney lay at its feet.

We must not stop now however, to talk further upon this subject. Indeed, if we look about us, we shall find plenty of fine things to interest us. To the left yonder are some specimens of the ancient forest—older far than Robin Hood and Friar Tuck —alive with God eighteen hundred years ago! You need not be sceptical on this point, for I tell you it is an article of faith in the religion of the forest. Did you ever see such gnarled and knotted giants before? I have been in the aboriginal woods of the far west and I declare, that I never cast my eye upon such a race of scarred and terrible Titans. We shall speedily be in the midst of them, so we can afford to look at other things just now. What do you think of that piece of turnips, as a sample of Earl Manvers' agriculture. These

strong and high fences are intended as barriers to the leaping faculty of the deer; and the net-work on the forest side is an intimation to all hares and rabbits, that poachers of their genus are not wanted 'by no means.' Wur! wur! wur! Hallo there! Master Brush has found poachers of another sort, and has started a covey of partridges much to his own satisfaction, and is chasing them too—the fool! Come in, don't you know that birds fly, and dogs have no gift that way? How often must I warn you to spare your everlasting legs? I do believe the dog has travelled twenty miles, at least, since we left Tuxford.

We now come to a circular clump of trees, beyond which runs the carriage path to Thoresby Hall. Eh! what troops of rabbits are scampering about there. Whew! they've all vanished into their burrows, before the dog has time to begin the Indicative Mood, Present Tense, of his dearly loved verb, To Kill. You're too late, boy; so let us strike at once up the path to the left into old Billhaugh. Here the true forest begins.

On the other side of us is one of the most delightful glades in Sherwood. It is very broad and long, running into the silence of the wooded depths, and bounded on either hand by thick clustering trees. Numerous paths branch off from it, leading by shorter routes to the homes of the villagers. We get sweet glimpses of it as we walk along here, through the openings of the oaks, that literally form an archwork of foliage over our heads. Great patches of snow, drifted into all sorts of architectural ornament, lie around us; now burying the gorse bushes under their white fantastic pinnacles; and now ridging the fringed ferns, or sweeping in undulate beauty round the roots of the venerable

forest patriarchs. It is impossible to form an idea of the singular aspect which many of the older oaks present in this neighbourhood. From the commencement of the park up to the Buck gates, where we shall soon arrive, they stand like so many antediluvian giants, grim and terrible, in the wild attire of a dateless and unhistoric age. Some are tall and majestic, with enormous boles and heads, whose branches extend over a space wide enough for a hundred men to encamp under their shadows. Others are stunted, barkless, and without shoot or stem, often split in two as if by a thunderbolt. And then what quaint figures has Nature carved, upon them in her frolic and fantasy! I have seen deaths' heads grinning under monkish cowls—preaching audibly enough, the moral of all humanity. Owls and serpents, lizards, wolves, and half-formed monsters, suggesting what *possible* existences! make up a part of the forest heraldry.

One old tree in particular has often struck me, as I have passed it in the fine summer mornings. There it is, close to the path side, amidst the dead yellow leaves of the fern, with a half circle of green grass at its base—left there by the snow, I suppose, as a sort of warning to the traveller, that a sight is to be seen above. It is split down the middle you will observe; and on the top of the right cleft is the perfect head of a crocodile. The long tapering jaws are wide open, and stuffed so full of snow, that you would think the 'critter' had been choked during the late storm. See what a lecherous, ghastly eye it has! But perhaps the reader may not entirely credit this, and the other facts I have stated; and yet I assure him they are not imagination, but as much realities as the trees themselves. In June last, I was riding in com-

pany with two beloved friends—both Quakers—the most unlikely men in the world to be cheated by any fancies—and they will bear me witness that we laughed beyond all propriety, over this very brute of a crocodile; and having laid our whip down to examine him more minutely, left it in his keeping until such time as we, walking after the carriage, missed the same, when we had to retrace our steps to look for it.

A little further on is another remarkable tree, which I have christened 'The Death and Lady Oak,' after a print which scared me in my boyhood. Life and death are literally married in it, and stand there like a bridegroom and his bride. A beautiful healthy tree is growing under the ribs of an old withered stump. It describes a curve from its lifeless mate, and then they both shoot up perpendicularly together to a considerable height: the Lady on one side, warm—barring this present season—in her amorous loveliness, and passionless Death on the other.

Every now and then, the path is intersected with others leading down glades into the forest. Hark! That is the old hound, at the Buck Gate's lodge, barking. And yonder is the lodge itself.

REMINISCENCES OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

PART II.

The 'Buck Gates' are about two miles from Edwinstowe. The frame-work is of solid stone, and the general outline square. In the middle of it is an archway, under which the iron gates are suspended; and on one side is a smaller gate for foot passengers. A neat, picturesque lodge stands on the left, fenced off from the broad gravel walk of the forest, having a pleasant garden in front. At each angle, on the top of the framework, are the carved images of a Buck and Doe, from which the gates themselves derive their name.

Let us now pass through them and take the right hand path, which will conduct us to Edwinstowe. Here are some of the most curious trees in the forest. They look as if they were all brothers, for they have the same distinctive features. One could almost fancy them to be the growths of the antediluvian world, they have such an antique and monstrous appearance. And yet they are a very hale and hearty family, and have as much rough blood in their hearts as will last for centuries. Not chyle and water mark! but real generous wine blood, fit for robust life, and battle with the elements. Just examine them for a moment. Here is the rugged Olympian straight before us who shall represent

his tribe—for our judgment. Look with what iron root-grasps he makes good his upright posture upon the solid earth. How tortuous they are! here piled together like knotted snakes, and there creeping along in uncoiled tendons for several feet all round him. And then what an immense trunk he has; deformed up to the very branches, with huge carbuncles, and bulges of savagely fantastic shape, in which one can imagine things that are not, and will never be.

I once passed this way in a night of storm and darkness. The winds were howling with fearful rage through the forest, and the distant light which gleamed from the lodge windows was the only friendly sign then visible to me in the world. I recalled to mind the aspect of these trees, as they hugged their shaggy sides in muttered laughter, amid the violence of the elements, and thought I would give an empire if I could but just catch a glimpse of them in their wild Satyr-like revelry. At this moment a broad flash of lightning burst out of heaven and revealed the hidden mysteries of the forest. Green oaks were waving their black arms in the sudden fire, and around them the nymph-like birches were wailing with sorrowful desolate cries and dishevelled hair, whilst a few stray deer were crouched in the ferns at their feet. Instantaneously however, the thunder crashed over my head and rolled away in the distance, and all was gulphed again in blackness.

As we proceed the path widens until at last it stretches into a broad glade, bounded on either side by the real native heather. The trees are sparcely scattered over the expanding scene, and we feel that we have arrived at the outskirts of a gap in the forest. Still there is no sign of civiliza-

tion except the turnpike road which runs by here towards the beautiful town of Worksop. The landscape is wild and magnificently glorious. Over the snow covered ling, gorse, and broom, the outline of the dark far-sweeping forest is everywhere distinctly marked; and in front of us a few bald and stunted oaks, with unfleshed ribs and wierd-like arms, guard the entrance to Billhaugh—the sacred temple wherein the aboriginal forest kings wait day and night—in enchanted silence—the will of the Almighty magician.

Let us go and look at them in their awful solitude. We must leave the beaten track, and plunge away into the depths of the forest. The soil, you see, has now become light and sandy. We shall soon, however, be knee deep in snow and heather; and the complexion of the earth will matter very little to us. There is no regular path from this point to Billhaugh, so we must make one, until we come to a glade well known to me about a mile off, which I always regard as a sort of aisle to the aforesaid temple. So come along, my brave dog, and be thou merciful to the game hereabouts—especially, mark you! kill no hare thou mayst find asleep in the snow; for I would have this pilgrimage sacred to better memories.

Here we are in the middle of the vast wood; environed with thick gorse-bushes, through which it is difficult enough to make headway. Whew! That was a smart dash in the face, which I got from the tangled branch of a tree as I brushed past it. Perhaps the old fellow thought it was my due for the trespass. I will have a care, however, for the future,

We have now arrived at a limited clearing; in the middle of which stands an old oak, with his

broad crown expanding over a tremendous circumference. I have read and dreamed under the shadow of his green foliage many an hour in the summer time, and have asked questions of him—the great dumb Intelligence!—which he has wept that he *could* not answer.

Still further on is another forest picture. A shrunken giant, scarred into features half bacchanalian half satyr, is grinning with debauched eyes upon the naked beauties of seven birch trees which are wickedly dancing around him. O thou antique voluptuary! so near the the grave, and yet so lewd and merry. Fie on thee! Where are now the sermons and homilies, which the dews of heaven, the sunshine, the moonlight and starlight, the storm and the lightning, preached to thee in thy youth, when thou wert young and beautiful as nature? A little while, and the fire in thy blackened corpse-like body will die out, and yield thee back to the pure arms of thy mother—an impurity! And the sweet creatures whom thou hast made drunken with the wine of thy fornication, the flowers and the birds shall weep for them—but, alas! they also shall perish.

Strange effect of the imagination! Who would believe that this very oak and these same silver-bosomed birches are now transformed in my eyes? and no longer represent a picture in the mysteries of Priapus, but a troop of fair-haired virgins—sweet vestals!—ministering to the necessities of a dying Forest Patriarch. Neither scene, however, is without its moral. Nature is but the mirror of man.

Here is the glade—the aisle, as I say, of that sacred temple of the olden kings. Ah! how the memory of this solemn place revisits me, as I once

beheld it under the glimpses of the moon. It was a summer night, and when I arrived at this glade, I walked down it in deep reverence and holy joy. The arched tops of the trees were decorated with thick clustering leaves, gemmed with light from the far-off stars. Between the pillared trunks on either side, were dim window openings, through which the moon-shadows fell in soft chequers of mellow radiance. Ever and anon, too, the 'musical and melancholy' wild notes of the distant nightingale came trembling through the trees, like the wail of a seraph imprisoned in the sylvan solitudes. And so I wandered on, like a harp bare to the strings, vibrating to every breath and influence.

Suddenly I came up to a part of the forest which might be called the chancel of the temple, and emerging from the aisle, I stood midway between that and another which ran parallel with it—looking down the great landscape nave which stretched out there under the jewelled dome of heaven. Within the temple, I heard the voices of the winds chanting their glorious anthens—now far off and faint, like melodies dying upon the tongues of distant choral boys—and now, loud and vocal, the whole choir catching up the retreating cadence, and with full organ tone rolling out the solid music in volumes of bass, amid the harmonious mingling of counter and tenor. Midnight was holding her solemn mass, and God was listening at the door.

I love to revive these delightful memories. My whole life indeed is peopled with Beauties and Poesies which convert the grave-yard of the Past into a garden of magical dreams, which I am for ever dreaming over again, and into which I am day by day weaving other dreams and experiences. Pain

and sorrow have been holy things to me, and in looking back upon them I always see them garlanded with flowers.

Let us now enter the temple. A cloudy and sunless canopy hangs over it, and the kings of the forest crowd it with their rude apparitions. There is an awful stillness around us, like the silence in some dead city of the wilderness, where vast Collossi sit mournfully amongst its desolate ruins. And these hoary monarchs, who connect us with the Pict and Druid life of Britian, are now dying a death it will take centuries to consummate! How lonely they look in their wide sepulchral realm; each one standing apart from the rest; majestic, and almost godlike, in his great sorrow. It is moving to see how uncomplainingly they bide their time—each noble heart muffled up in a bare and iron bosom. A sublime prophet-like endurance that seems high above all human sympathy, is stampt upon their terrible foreheads. Wrapt in meditation they tower upwards to heaven—like beings full of awful and earnest thought. Black, barkless, and rugged, scathed and torn by the pitiless lightning, and often cleft in twain by the thunderbolt, they stand like dread monuments of God, to teach us to be strong. How petty are all the frets and inquietude of man's life in this mighty monarchy, whose grandeur is its sorrow and desolation.

I will not attempt further to describe this solitary temple of the forest wilderness. Let the curtain fall over it; it is too sacred for words.

Emerging from the ruined Billhaugh, and bearing away to the right, we come to the borders of the Sherwood, and can now plainly see the village of Edwinstowe asleep in the valley. An ocean of wild gorse, billowy and vast, sweeps away towards the

dim horizon, crested with snowy foam that shimmers in the golden light of the sun which has broke for a moment through the loop-holes of the craggy clouds. Below us lies the open common, with a dark cluster of pines guarding the entrance to the village. Rough red-faced boys, their hands stinging with the hot cold, are playing there at 'snowballs;' and see my old dog, Brush, has already made friends with one of them, whom I know to be a son of the good Christopher Thompson.

What a sweet quiet village is this Edwinstowe. Beautiful green pastures are fenced off with wooden partitions on one side, and on the other are the fair mansions of Lady Scarborough and the clergyman. We see the out-houses and stables belonging to them before we get down to the village—for they form a sort of flank to the forest. A glorious aspen tree shoots high above the walls of the pleasure grounds, and hangs its trembling branches over the road below. We now arrive at neat cottages with little gardens behind them, which in summer are fragrant with ladslove, rosemary, gilliflowers, roses, sweet pease, and thyme. The houses get thicker around us; and that with the blue gates is the residence of my laughter-loving friend, John Trueman, 'the Sherwood Entymologist,' as *true* a *man* as nature ever made eloquent with a beating heart.

A little further on lives Mr. Widdison, the sculptor, who has lately designed and executed the chaste monument for poor Millhouse; a lonely and almost unknown poet in Nottingham town, who was, nevertheless, appreciated and loved here at Edwinstowe. This monument raised to his memory, and planted over his solitary grave in the Nottingham cemetery, was a touching and pious homage voluntarily paid to his genius by a few sons of the forest. I forget his

epitaph; but it was written by Spencer Hall, and is full of beauty and hope.

Mr. Widdison himself is a rare specimen of a man. Robust and burly, strong headed and hearted, generous to a fault, and full of music! How often have I joined in singing some of his sweet airs by his own hearth, surrounded by his fair daughters with their accordians and mellow voices, whilst he made a grand accompaniment with his bass viol. His wife, and the good quiet grandmother, with spectacles on nose, and an open book in her neat chequered apron (for she was always reading), would sit and joyfully listen at such times—thanking God, no doubt, for so much happiness.

It was here that I first met Spencer Hall, whose name is a familiar household word with the villagers. One of his books, called the 'Forester's Offering,' printed by his own hands, is a delightful volume, full of poetry and descriptions of Sherwood scenery. His life of Robin Hood has been called a piece of literary justice done to the memory of a noble outlaw. Many glad days have I spent in this patriarchal village—so glad, that I tremble to look back upon them. Realities, hard and terrible, press above and around me; and iron-griping Necessity seems henceforth destined to be the material out of which I, alas! am to weave my poesies. Up with thy heart, O January Searle! for God is still above thee in the immeasurable sky!

THE FOREST SUNSET.

The Sun is setting; down the glade
I see his brow of fire.
The Forest Trees on tip-toe stand
To see their God expire,
And the night-wind sweeps her trembling lyre.

The skies are bathed in rosy light—
His head rests on a cloud.
'O leave us not!' the green leaves say;
But he lies in his shroud,
And the old, old Oaks they sigh aloud.

The purple fingered sombre Wes
Has laid his red corpse out;
And with him, sinking down the heavens
Her curtain draws about,
And muffled shadows follow in their route.

O! aged Oaks all bare and black,
I pray ye groan not so!
O! Birches, with dishevelled hair
And voices weeping low,
Why do your eyes with tear-drops overflow?

He is not dead—he does but sleep;
He'll come again to you.
The night is here, come kiss her cheek!
The Star-light rushes through
The lattice-work of heavn, to love you too.

Lift up your heads, the sweet young Moon
Is dancing o'er the grass:
Her smiles drop on you, soft as snow;
Ye will not her pass
Without one welcome, answering smile? alas!

Ah no! dear Forest Hearts rejoice!
The bald Oaks shout amain;—
The Birches weep no more, but wave,
Their arms without a stain,
And winds, and woods, are merry once again.

ROBIN HOOD'S GRAVE.

THAT Robin Hood was born at Loxley, near Sheffield, is still the firm belief of the majority of those who reside upon and around the scenes of his most famous traditional exploits. There is, however, no remaining homestead—even in ruins—that the finger of faith points out as the place where first he saw the light; and to the district of Loxley, rather than to any particular portion of it, belongs the honour of association with his name. Spencer Hall, "The Sherwood Forester," and many other worthies of Sherwood Forest, can, it would be blameful to doubt, trace, with unerring steps, the haunts of Robin Hood's maturer life—his summers' bowers and his winters' caves,—but not a stone marks the spot where he was said to be born. This need be no matter of regret to Robin's entirely devoted worshippers; for the ample hills of Loxley Chase are, though now fenced with stone walls and subject to partial cultivation, yet fit to bear the tread and meet the gaze of a free man.

Late years have given to the world some "right pleasant" descriptions of Sherwood; and the history of Robin Hood has consequently become of more general and increasing interest. We have no present intention of reviewing his adventurous career; but we wish to make our readers better acquainted with the romantic situation of his grave.

About a mile from the Brighouse station, on the

Manchester and Leeds section of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, is the village of Clifton. From Brighouse to Clifton is a steep walk; but, with leisure to turn and dwell upon the varied landscape, the ascent may be rendered very agreeable. To the right of the spectator, as he looks over Brighouse, the hills rise with remarkable boldness, and, notwithstanding numerous signs of erections for manufactures, with the expanding prospect the picture grows in sublimity and beauty. Clifton is a long, straggling, ancient place, on the top of a hill, in the midst of many of the large towns of the West-Riding. Within short distances are Huddersfield, Halifax, Dewsbury, Bradford, and Leeds. It is almost close to Hartshead Moor and Peep Green, where, in times of political excitement, great aggregate meetings have been held of persons from the surrounding districts. Not far from Clifton, diverging roads directly lead to the towns just mentioned, and to populous villages, and on this account the neighbourhood is perhaps more readily accessible to immense numbers of the inhabitants of the Riding than any other locality that could be chosen.

Passing through Clifton from Brighouse, Kirklees Hall and Park, (the property of Sir George Armitage, but now occuppied by H. W. Wickham, Esq,) are soon approached. On the left hand side of the road a gate, behind which is an avenue of trees, shews the way to the Hall. A little way from the gate stands the Porter's Lodge. Leaving the carriage road, the pedestrian may there go by a well-beaten footpath partially round the lodge, and by that means gain a walk of unusual and diversified loveliness. A fine terrace leads on to scenes of charming retirement, with occasional open views of

great extent. The fence of the park runs near the terrace, and many glimpses may be had of venerable trees standing in the midst of a bright expanse of green sward. The wild flowers of the woods grow close to the path in bounteous profusion. Wooden benches are commodiously placed, on which the weary may rest or the leisurely luxuriate. Some of the seats are so situated that they command prospects of the vale of Calder,

> "Soft dreaming with the river in its arms,
> Under the shadows of the mighty hills."

This is a region fitted admirably for social converse or self-communion. The actual world is shut out from observation; for even the trains, that speed along the iron lines which longitudinally intersect the entire valley, seem but in motion to please the eye. Looking down to the river, when opportunity occurs, the great height of this terrace walk is manifest; but in the more secluded parts the nearest objects naturally claim attention. Perhaps for a mile this path continues, and every advancing step leads on to verdurous glades or odorous bowers. By places the solitude is complete; and near to where the terrace is highest the stillness appears to be perceptibly increased by the solemn shadows of lofty pines and ancient yews. A seat of superior workmanship, with panels of diamond-like form at the back, marks the spot of greatest interest; and not distant may be seen the iron railing which encloses the tombstone of Robin Hood. Iron bars are also placed across the top, to defend the stone from the attacks of those barbarous depredators who would despoil an object of general curiosity, in order to gratify their

desires for self-possession. We give a copy of his epitaph :—

"Here underneath this laist steun
Lax, robert, Earl of Huntingdon.
Ne'er archers were as hie sa gued
An pipl kauld him robin heud,
Sich outlawz az hi an iz men
Wil England niver si agen.
Obiit 24 Kal: De kembris, 1247."

That this is truly and really Robin Hood's grave is implicitly believed throughout the neighbouring country. And unless his bones rested under the shelter of one of the mighty oaks in his own loved forest of Sherwood—the last remnants of which are still preserved in Birkland and Billhaugh—fitter couch for his sleep of death could not be found; for

"The tall dark pines, in solemn threnody,
Wail o'er his tomb, as o'er a wood-god dead,
And not a sound disturbs the deep repose
Which like a slumbering spirit broods around."

According to the opinions of the more modern of Robin Hood's historian, however, there are few rational grounds for deeming him to have been one of England's titled nobles. "The Lytell Geste of Robyn Hode" calls him a *yeoman*. Tradition says, that driven to the woods by acts of oppression, he collected together a band of men who became famed for their exploits in archery, waggery, and robbery! The honour of their lives and the glory of their memory have been often told in story and rehearsed in verse; and for all further information on these subjects we gladly refer to Spencer Hall's "Foresters' Offering"—a clever, pleasant, and useful little volume. We perhaps ought on this occasion to

relate how it was that Robin Hood was interred in Kirklees Park; and thus it came to pass:—Just beyond the outside of the present park wall, near the turnpike road from Huddersfield to Leeds, formerly stood the Kirklees Nunnery—a part of the old hostelry is now a public-house, and is well known by the sign of "The Three Nuns"—and of this nunnery Robin Hood's cousin happened to be at the head. When near eighty years of age, he was travelling that way, and being ill, he applied for rest and assistance at the nunnery. To please Sir Roger de Doncaster, the pioress, as it was said, "caused Robin to be bled nigh unto death." Little John soon heard the sad tidings, and forcing his way into the Nunnery Lodge, where Robin lay, he desired authority to bring the band to burn "Kirkley Hall and all their nunnery." But Robin answered:—

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time,
Nor at my end shall it be:
But take my bent bow in thy hand,
And a broad arrow let thou flee;
And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be."

And his last wishes were obeyed; and so the highest part of Kirklees Park became his enduring monument, and the most venerated landmark of the district which it adorns.

Besides the remains of the hostelry just mentioned—which are of themselves not uninteresting—there are yet standing some other portions of the nunnery buildings. The grave-yard of the nunnery is also near to the old lodge; and these, and "the room in which Robin died, and the window from which the arrow was shot, are still shewn to the pilgrim who goes up thither."

This account of Robin Hood's grave is made out partly from recollections of a visit paid there some months ago, and partly from information gathered from genial descriptions of the place, written by Mr. G. S. Phillips, of Huddersfield, whose "Walks round Huddersfield" are very well worth reading.

Kirklees Hall is a fine, ancient structure, in a magnificent situation, and the park contains many noble trees of ample growth and mature age. The grounds are not open to the public; but Mr. Wickhams' liberality usually gives indulgence to persons who desire there to enjoy a quiet stroll. On several occasions he has also specially permitted large parties to hold holidays in the park.

THE BRIDGE OF DEATH.

Sin bridges earth and hell,
With molten fiery arches:
Whose base far down in the abyss below—
A black, unfathomable fell—
No mortal foot hath reached in all its marches.
For that dread foundation,
Not even imagination
Can pierce it—buried in the deeps that flow,
Boiling with lurid troubles,
And burning oily bubbles,
Where shaggy Monsters swim with horrid eyes;
And winged Shapes, of blood and purple dyes.
Flash, plunge, and howl.

Above the bridge there is no heaven
Of constellations or of planets seven;
No sun, nor moon, nor star.
But near and far,
In the void night of the Immensity,
A brooding everlasting scowl.
As if the very eye,
Of the o'er flaming universe,
By God's almighty curse,
Had burnt out in its socket,
That sin and hell might flourish not, to mock it.

And evermore;
Besides the dreadful Porches of the Bridge,
Entablatured with scorpions and snakes,
Sits shrivelled, haggard Sin, upon the shore;
His face a blasted image, and obscene.
His eager eyes look from the narrow ridge
Of his blurred forehead, with their thoughts unclean
Upon the countless multitudes who throng
The beaches of that Thoroughfare along.

And never sleeping, day and night he takes
Infernal toil,
Of every fallen soul
That rushes to the revel and the rout
Which demons keep in masquerade about
The bridge's sulphurous splendour.

There, tossing and twirling, how they reel and dance,
Like phantoms drunk with fire, in an opium trance.
Sin, at the gate is their defender
From interruption
In their corruption;
And from all warning voices which might bring
The doomed ones back in tears and sorrowing.

And now under the immeasurable Nothingness,
The frightful carnival of human souls,
Unconscious of distress!
Onwards, and onwards, like a torrent rolls.

To death, away, away!
Ye, most unhappy! stay!
Stay in your career of madness;
Come back to God and holy gladness.
I call to you, as from the heights
And pinnacles of the beloved earth,
My soul beholds you in the sorceric lights
That lure ye to the caves where they had birth.
O, that my tongue were thunder,
And my breath
As swift and vivid as the lightning's flash;
That I might burst asunder
The charms that hurry you to death
And down the raging gulf below your bodies dash.

Thou!
O my darkened brother!
With the Hyperion head and noble brow,
Let go thy hand of that Satyrnal crew,
Who all thy better thoughts do smother;
And drag thy ravished sister after you.
Quick! for the time is flying;
And thousands farther on are dying;
With Heaven's own monitors,
Remorse and Conscience, now their only sonneters,
Singing too late!
Another moment, and the agony
And terrible knowledge of what it is to die,
Will seal
With fiery vermeil,
Made up of God's hot wrath, your fate.

Alas! alas!
My voice, unheeded like the mountain wind,
Doth o'er them pass,
To the unanswering, empty void behind.

They, too, have perished,
Once, pure young hearts, whom parents cherished;
And friends and kindred hung upon with love;
As Mary hung o'er Christ, the beautiful, above.

And still that stream of human sinners pours
On, on, and on, in endless pageantry;
I hear the surges of the infernal shores,
And see the torrid copper of its sky,
Bloody as flame; without a sun on high.
O, would that they could see it!
Jesu Christ! in thy compassionate affection,
Come down from Heaven and show them how to flee it.
Sorrowful reflection!
Thou art not, and yet art for ever.
Thy gospel glorious,
Can only make victorious,
The soul that lives it—and no other—never.

Ye therefore, Sinners, on the Bridge of Sin;
If in the sepulchre of your own hearts within,
No Christ be tombed,
Nor rise to save you, ye are doomed.

Holy invisible angels!
Who are on earth God's ministering evangels;
Hasten! in mercy hasten!
Roll ye the stone from their dead hearts away,
That Christ their souls may chasten,
And bring them back to everlasting day.

In vain! in vain!
Sin's blue and ruddy flare
Lights up each visage of the wild Bacchantes
Their Pards and purple-stained Servantes,
Whose blood-shot eye-balls glare
Out of the drunken brain.
And mantled in the many coloured flame,
Poor Magdalenes, with black and witch-like hair
Streaming around them, whirl in horrid shame.
And young and old;
The Gamester and the Liar;
The brutal Landlord and the cruel Squire;
The Priest unmindful of his mission,
And false to his commission;
The yellow Miser in his rags,
Clutching his money bags,
Of silver and of gold:

And all the proud oppressors of the Poor;
The evil Speaker and the evil Doer;
With demon-like grimaces,
And ghastly burning faces;
Upon that bridge of horrors and of sighs
Are hurrying heedless on, in oaths and blasphemies.

O Men and Women! O unnatural Sin!
Why have ye dashed the Infinite
To starless darkness, and upheaved the night
From the Tartarean realms your souls within?
Know ye not that death
Stands ready at the other end
Of this tremendous Bridge to stop your breath?
Where then will be the quips and jests ye send
From your libidinous tongues into the void?
Ah! that the wondrous gift of speech
Which to the highest arguments can reach,
To such vile purposes should be employed.
God's dreadful retribution
Doth hunt ye down to dissolution.
Anon;
The awful Skeleton,
Shall laugh Ha! ha! over your calamity;
And the black panoply
Of the dead Emptyness above,
Reminding you of a lost Father's love,
Shall gleam before you like the Resurrection
Of Heaven, and all her stars in recollection.
And then, gathering its charnel draperies,
Into a nightmare of horrid shaperies,
Shall crush you like a corpse, with all your aperies.

Hark to the passing bell,
Upon the Lanthorn Towers of Hell,
Which swings its ponderous numbers o'er the deep,
Startling eternal Silence from his sleep
Under the shadows of the flashing Serpent,
Whose coloured rings enfold the universe!
It is thy knell, O Sinner! that is sent
Into eternity; thy hearse
Shall be the empty shell of Annihilation,
Drawn by the White Horse—splashed with blood and fire,
Of Saint John's Revelation,
To Hell; the symbol of God's ire,
And of thy life the end and consummation.

A MAY-DAY ORATION.

You have wished me to write you an address, in celebration of the first morning in May, and I hasten to accomplish the pleasing task. I am not quite sure that I shall succeed either to my own satisfaction or to yours; but I abandon myself to the inspiration of the theme, and have no doubt that Nature, who never yet betrayed the heart that loved her, will accept the joyous offering which I hope soon to lay upon her Altar of Flowers.

I have risen early, and sit here in my solitary study, waiting for the descending Spirit of the Day. Beautiful over the hill tops, shine the silent, eloquent stars, and the whole heavens are clear and cloudless. I see from my window, the outline of the sloping landscape; the dim and shadowy trees are sleeping in the quiet pastures, and the white skeleton of the ghostly mill gleams through the thin mist which rises from the valley. And the valley itself—how sweetly it lies! The day-weary peasants are at rest in their peaceful homes, and a thousand mute angels are watching over them. Not even a bird is awake; and there is no sound abroad, save the gentle voices of the winds, which are singing in the trees of my garden.

Yet in a few hours, all this solemn pomp, and moon-pageantry of the night, will have vanished; and the disenchanted earth will leap and bound in the light of the returning sun. The sleeping

husbandman will awake, and hasten with a merry and thankful heart to the labour which gives him bread and health and strength, and all men will renew their occupations with joy and gladness.

Surely God is good, who gives us these delightful seasons of rest, and fits us for the duties and the happiness of life. Can we not believe then, that we are indeed his children, and love him also as our Father? By night and by day he prepares for us a perpetual banquet. He has given us too the whole earth for our patrimony, and in every ceaseless moment he bids us enjoy it. As I look now, over the picture of repose which lies stretched before me, I feel the blessedness of existence, and seem to breathe the very breath of God. Life is no longer a painful vapour, but a divine etherial flood, which carries me away. I tremble as it were, with the echoes of a far-off music, which melts me into itself, and awakens within me new hope and love. This faith, that I also am a child of God, born to the incorruptible inheritance of thought—incarnate here for the conquest of a spiritual kingdom, whose dominion is without end or limit—makes me bold and adventurous, and in every inspired moment 'I clap wings to all the solid universe,' and go up to take my own amid the rejoicing of the spheres, who chaunt their battle anthems in the deeps of heaven.

And thus it always happens—when the soul is tuned—that some invisible fingers sweep the strings, and make them overflow with melody. We have only to look with a humble and loving eye upon Nature, and she folds us in her bosom—and becomes Poetry, Religion, and Music to us—and beseeches us to depart from her no more. It is at such times we come to understand the transcendent worth, the

immense possibilities, of man. Glimpses of the Wonder-World burst upon us, and we see the meanness of our every-day aims and struggles, and long to fulfil our highest destiny. We discover that there is for us, a wider, nobler and sublimer life, than that which we live in society—whereof this spiritual communion with Nature, so holy, elevating and rapturous, that no words can utter its beauty, is but the presage and the shadow. And for what object, think you, come down upon us these muffled whispers from the sky? Wherefore, when we forsake the petty pursuits of the day, and go forth to meet the Lord of the Earth, in the silence of the dewy eve, do all things seem to welcome us with smiles, and make us feel the greatness of that divinity which burns in the common heart of man? —that divinity which in all our dealings with each other—in all our institutions of Trade, Commerce, and Education, we have striven, alas! with such unceasing efforts, to destroy? It is to teach us that we were not designed for the developement of sensual things alone—but for the supersensuous also! It is to wake us up, likewise, to the sublime consciousness of a vast Immaterial Existence lying beyond this belted orb, where God and his bright intelligences dwell for ever: to quicken us with the great Thought that Nature and all visible things, are but shadows of Spiritual Realites—symbols of the Infinite—teachers and revealers of the highest truths to the soul: that the divine element, in which these realities are embosomed, is the true and proper element of the soul—the deep unfathomable abyss of Being, whence all material substances and forms are rolled like dreams and apparitions—upward!

Who has not experienced some such far-reaching

vision as this?—and who has not felt the fire-breath of Inspiration kindle his blood and brain under the silent moon, when in wrapt and pious mood he has walked alone to contemplate the greatness and glories of Nature?—and who also, whilst these flashes were upon him, has not beheld the uplifted curtain of God which shadows the Invisible, and read there sights and meanings which no tongue could proclaim?

It is a great work, therefore, to cultivate this happy communion with the 'oversoul' of creation; for it opens to us realms of untraversed and unboundable Thought. It is a check also, to the engrossing materialism of life, which now, for so long time, threatens to strike God from the world. Are not POETRY and RELIGION well nigh dead in the hearts of men?—these two being the noblest and highest of the chartered privileges of Humanity? Think—if you can compass it—how immeasurable the loss of these!—what a frightful ghastly skeleton, a mere frame-work of death, were man without them—and how essential and godlike, in these times, is the inculcation of those cheering, elevating, and solemn truths which they reveal! True, there are great actions and discoveries in this our day—elements of a high order of poetry and religion—but they want the flames of heaven to burn them into life. Bodies are they, not souls! If any work is now to be done, it is for a temporary Utility—not for the Soul and Eternity. The old Hebrew fire is quenched in the actors' bosoms, and in the stead of lofty religious motive, we have a Patent Gold-Lever—alas!

Nevertheless, joyfully would I celebrate the physical triumphs of the human mind, the wondrous creations of machinery which have scattered over

every continent and clime so many blessings—and gladly do I accept the facts, as tendencies towards the final subjugation of matter, and the universal reign of Life, Wisdom, and Love. I do not quarrel with these achievments—but hail them, on the contrary, as the Evangelists of God. Yet I would fain see this great truth of the soul recognised in all these battles with the elements—not darkened and trampled upon, as it now is, but proudly acknowleged as the burden of every song of conquest. Labour is a sacred office: not a curse, but a blessing; so bountiful and grand that we cannot speak for it! He who is fully possessed of this thought, sees men as gods, and regards the vilest drudgery as a heavenly employment. Every work, so that it be done as a duty, ennobles the worker! But I am sad to think how death-like, and therefore how mean, is the actual service of the worker in this day. He is not filled with the lofty idea that it is his privilege to labour, aud that out of his hard and iron hands go forth continually the means of comfort and enjoyment to depending millions—but, like a wretched and reckless slave, he sells his birthright for pottage, and is content to eat it with degradation for condiment, instead of the oil and wine which flow for ever from the consciousness of duty.

I am not ignorant of the plea of over-toil and under-wages, so righteously made on behalf of the poor man; and willingly would I aid him to the uttermost of my faculty in adjusting that so sad and serious matter. But in the meanwhile, this other plea of endurance, and patient great-hearted submission, to an evil which unhappily *must* exist at present, is eloquent enough! A more God-like spectacle than wronged men, struggling under the

wrong, from a conviction that it is their duty so to struggle and work, doubting nothing for the issue—could never be witnessed by men or angels. A nation of such workers would become the bulwark of the world; and all the morality and intellect thereof would take glad refuge under its shadow.

But although it appears to be a painful necessity, that man must first of all consume his energies in toiling for these physical comforts—and although the material seems destined to be totally conquered, before he shall wake up to the true idea and purport of his existence—yet I see no reason why we should not strive in all our lives, to make the claims of society and the claims of God upon us, so to harmonize that we shall be slaves to sense no more, but become great and faithful to every attribute of our Nature. Inasmuch as the present time is the only available moment for us, we are to work and grow in it, notwithstanding the social doom. I doubt not it will be seen at last, that there was a real harmony between the Serfdom whereto man is now doomed, and that Freedom which is hereafter reserved for him. We will absolve ourselves, however, from these hard laws, by living out of their pale in a diviner atmosphere.

I would every one were convinced, that the soul requires of him at all time to be its special pleader to the world. We lack greatness, and the power of making our influence felt, against the prevailing errors of the age—because we conceive so meanly of Individual importance! Every thing must be done *for* us, and we fear to announce *ourselves* as the Doers, lest we stumble and fail. When shall we have faith enough to believe that the world was made for *us*, not we for the world. When shall we perceive that our true mission in this

struggling orb is to cast our own light upon its darkness—to remake, to reform, and to urge onward with shoulder and brain, the slow revolving cycles of progression?

I know that in all societies there are two principles constantly at work, each aiding in its own way (however opposite they may seem) the great work of human advancement. The one is Conservatism—the other Disintegratism. *This* is restless, seeking, endeavouring: *that* calm and satisfied, with no better before it, no thought nor hope beyond the present and the actual. At no time were these principles so fully developed as now. Side by side they stand, measuring swords, menacing, defiant! They shall fight their own battle to an issue. In the meanwhile let us who disintegrate, try also to make whole. Let us never forget that the material and the spiritual when rightly understood, are one. Let us strive to raise the sunken hearts of men, by demonstrating unto them their own faculty—by showing them, likewise, that in spite of toil and dust, of poverty, want, and wrong—there is a paradise for all in the solitudes of Nature, and spiritual joys to be partaken there infinitely more grand and noble than any external wealth can give or purchase.

It is the highest office of Nature to feed the soul with beauty, and possess it with a wisdom that shall make her emblems plain. For above and around us—in the starry wilds of Immensity, in the Earth-girdling ocean, and in the beautiful creatures of the dry Land—God has hidden his own deep thoughts, and man is here to master them. Happy man! who masters them aright—who feels how great and sacred a thing is this boundless Intellect which links him in fellowship with the Infinite Mind.

I know indeed of no idea, so entirely regenerative, so capable of working a change in the moral character of a man, as that of the Sacredness of Human Nature. He who is filled with this majestic truth, regards life and its duties with new eyes—stands in new relationship to the universe—and feels how great is the responsibility of action. Awhile ago there was nothing but darkness and confusion before him, whilst pondering the question of existence, and infernal voices were ever bellowing in his ears 'Unclean! Unclean!' He could not yet see how Truth could grow out of untruth and falsehood—how it bottoms all falsehood, and how necessary and healthy it is to know the falsehood as well as the truth. But know he wraps himself up in the Toga of Heaven, and walks like a new-born god with high and holy resolves: no longer dark, no longer dogged with these 'unclean' cries, but Lord of their meaning, and master of the noblest secret of his being.

It has ever appeared to me, that until men come to understand this truth of the sacredness of humanity, and to live in it, there must always be a stunted dwarfishness in the soul. He who would be acquainted first hand with God, must trust his own faculties—not go about forswearing himself like a Jew upon the Koran, but with humble brave effort, confide in the fact of life, and believe in the influences of God. Let him have this faith:—That he is an instrument planted down here upon the solid earth, capable of making melodies in the ear of eternity for ever. Let him know that the days of inspiration are not fled and past, but floating *now* and present under every sun and moon: That wherever there is a man, there also is a God, speaking, influencing, guiding, and di-

recting—speaking *through* him and *to* him, with a mighty eloquent tongue, even as in the days of Isaiah! O my friends, who can lift up his head under the vast concave of the heavens, gemmed with unnumberable galaxies of stars, all flaming there in those blue unfathomable deeps—who can cast his eyes over the wide landscape below, here dark with woods and there bright with sun-shadowed pastures and streams—painted all with such glorious coluring—and not feel the truth of Inspiration, and not rejoice with the consciousness of immortality?

Would that all men were aquainted with those secret signs which enable the poet and the devotee to read the mute significance of creation—which introduce them as it were into the innermost temple of God, and lay bare the *meaning* of all this magnificence of the earth and heavens. There is indeed a Free-masonry in Nature—and he who loves her most understands her truest. Yet no man can speak his knowledge; it belongs to another state than that of sense—it is above sense, and yet how sweetly are the senses made to minister unto it! When I walk abroad in the green fields, I am aware that God speaks to me. I am surrounded by Intelligences which make haste to deposit their secrets in my bosom: and, although we have often met of old, yet they have always some new mystery to relate. There is no end of their teachings—and what is better than all, there is within us an unbounded power by which we expand and grow in the sunshine of every fresh revelation. Thus I see that there is an intimate union between the soul of man and every outward fact: a bond of relationship sealed with the blood of every reptile and creeping thing, and with the rays of every burning orb. God has made nothing in vain. It is *we* who are

blind and cannot discover the fitness of all the means and ends and sympathies—else we should pronounce the earth and the firmament an Epic Poem indeed, worthy the Genius and grandeur of its author. As an object of thought every creature is sublime; and there is no reason so mean and low, nothing so exalted and excellent, which has not its *roots* in the soul. I can see my own passions, *my own counterpart*, in the highest and in the most degraded forms—in the towering eagle, and in the fiercest beast of the wilderness. To raise the man, and sink the brute; or, in other words, *to make the Animal subservient to the Moral and the Intellectual is*, to my mind, *the great aim of Life.*

Who can speak for this wonderful and startling mystery which we name the life of man? Cooped and pent in the narrow prison-house of a six-foot body of bones and fibres—which the poorest scratch of a bare bodkin would let out for ever—it lives nevertheless in the vast and limitless immensity of Thought, and fills the whole universe with its presence! Consider what it is to grasp these two ideas of Time and Space! Think of all the stupendous worlds which burn in God's garden of the heavens, *entering into this same human life*, and reposing in serenest beauty and glory in the shining firmament of the Soul!—all conquered and detached—*having a separate existence*: a gorgeous dome, overhanging an invisible Theatre, wherein also all the kingdoms and thrones and swarming populations of the earth, have even now a real existence of blood and action! The birth-pangs of this very earth itself, when the stars shouted for joy, and Orion—belted and crowned like a god—came forth with his lashing armour to join in the jubilee of heaven—are present to every imagination,

and her travail pain vibrates through the untold millions of ages—and we also shout in triumph. The universe of Nature and Space, Time and Eternity, are thus dragged, as it were, into the soul's vassalage. Were there such empires as Babylon, Assyria, Persia, Macedonia? Did swart Egypt with her gloomy pyramids, and pale Greece with her marble and moonlight statuary, and red Rome, with her bare and bloody arm, exist? Are Europe and America, Africa and Oceana, with their savageries and civilizations—their literature, arts, and sciences—at this time afloat in the world? Yet each and all of these, with their histories and passions, are even now living in every scholar's soul, and are become parts and parcels of their lives! Yet there is no cram nor jostle there: all is quiet and solemn. The universe is yours! and could the whole history of the universe be written and read—even in the minutest detail—there would still be the same serenity and infinity in the soul *It cannot be filled.* Prize then the holiness and divinity of your nature. Your resources are as boundless as the realms of God! Draw upon these resources. Rely, in unhesitating faithfulness, upon your own faculty. Suffer no man to cripple you with those base doctrines of superstition which teach the vanity of the Intellect; but go forth "conquering and to conquer"—pondering much the mystery of life—and seeking earnestly to unfold yourselves for Immortality.

We must unriddle the earth. There is a hidden meaning in every object which surrounds us; and Nature seems perpetually to cry unto us, her *speaking children*, to put a tongue into her dumb mouths. In my wanderings over the old Forest of Sherwood I have been struck with these mute be-

seechings in the venerable oaks of that realm of romance and beauty. What was it they would say to me, those holy prophets and patriarchs of a thousand years? The accumulate wisdom and thought, history and tradition of centuries, seemed always on the balance of utterance within them. They would speak to me! they would *fain* speak to me, and have often looked as if they were stooping down to *whisper* what they could not *speak*. And then the old remembrance, that God, who had given them many things, had denied them this great gift of speech—has come over them with melancholy wings, and sorrowfully they have raised their bare and blanched heads on high, with a sugh and a moan, in uncomplaining endurance of their fate.

And the Moss and the Flowers too, at their weary feet—those silent teachers of every grace and goodness—what eloquence do they pour into every heart that beholds them! Ye who deny that Man and Nature are *one*—indissoluble, undividable, each the exponent of the other—Answer me! Whence comes this love of Flowers—whence springs that universal Sympathy—that likeness—*that undying identity and correspondence*—between the human affections, and these our gentle Sisters who nestle so holily in the bosom of the loving Earth? I could call Flowers, the poetry which God writes in the fields to teach man the Religion of Love; they are so beautiful! *We shall one day recognize in every form of life, the key to all our thoughts.* Mutually shall we explain our several mysteries, which will be no longer several, but the universal fact.

Already have we opened many of the sacred books of Nature, and expounded to the listening earth and heavens the hieroglyphical truths which they

contain. This is the proper work of man: who can tell but it is the *end* of his work also! He will be found to *be* Nature at last; the Conscious Apparition of her concrete existence. What is the meaning, think you, of Science, Art, and Natural History? Have these no bearing on the solution of the human riddle? Do they represent no solid facts of the soul—are they no part indeed of the soul's all-comprehending history? If we would read ourselves and Nature aright, we must seek to reconcile our own being with hers—not rest satisfied with demure complacency upon what is, simply because it is, but try to discover the 'wherefore' of it—to show how the outward fact affects the inward idea and corresponds with it. A wide field here lies before us, over which philosophy has never yet trodden. We must not be disheartened to find ourselves, after all these ages, so solitary and forlorn in the creation—so incapable of answering the questions of surrounding existences, and of explaining the nature of their affinity with our own minds—but boldly begin to look, with new and earnest eyes, upon this broken problem of God. Hitherto we have been content with hunting out truths, and have named the classified fragments we have discovered—Science. Wise and good men have essayed also to prove the attributes of Deity from these fragments: and Geology, Astronomy, Chemistry, have been taken as the base of such arguments. They could see that these noble achievements of the soul covered immense spiritualities, and announced, *without* proof, an omniscient, omnipotent, and all-benevolent Creator. And at this point all perception and enquiry seem to have ceased. But the wondrous flood of thought rolls on for ever; and in each passing moment we are in deeper depths,

whirled away in fresh eddies and fast rushing currents. I would speak for the suggestion which now flashes over me, and ask if these Sciences reveal to us a God—do they not reveal to us this still more astounding fact of a Soul, in which Science, Art, and God himself, have already an actual existence —which, like music imprisoned in the strings of an instrument, waited only for the outer circumstances, to conjure them into living melody and beauty? Man is indeed a great mystery, and Nature is *his* Interpreter: and it is equally true that Nature is a great mystery, and man *her* great Interpreter. To make this paradox plain, we must demonstrate the mutual harmonies of Man and Nature—give to science a new direction—and show that the laws of the earth and sky are all emblematic of the laws of the Soul—are indeed, one with the soul.

Every man feels that he and Nature are parts of an infinite whole. The entire philosophy of Poetry and Religion lies folded up in this original intuition. The Poet and the Pietist, quick with this sublime consciousness, are open evermore to the infloodings of God. They attribute their sensations to *organization*—to *genius*—to *grace*—they know not what! but, at last, these sensations will be found to spring from their intuitive perception of their own identity with the beautiful creation. I cannot stop to illustrate my meaning fully, although what I have said may be liable to misconstruction. But we all of us seem to feel far better than we can reason. Instantly are we aware, in the presence of woods and landscapes, that there is an overteaching spirit appealing to us—making us sensible also of many things which we can neither fully understand nor fully utter. I believe that a Prophet shall arise in some far-off generation, whose office will be to ex-

pound the Gospel of Nature, and make plain all her texts and chapters. Already is the germ cast for the production of this man—already doth the soul cry aloud for his coming.

We may not all alike see the fact: yet we are ever tending to show cause for our thought, and to *illustrate* it by *natural* objects. Ideality in the Resurrection-World of Nature—and it implies not only the affinity, but the identity, of the soul with Nature. Then again, in the expression of all our passions and affections, our loves and hates, we cannot forbear to make *comparisons* between them and outlying existences. And assuredly there is a lurking god in this, maugre its commonness and apparent triviality, struggling to bring us, by imperceptible means, into higher views of our own life and destiny.

I will not follow these ideas further, but proceed to speak of the general influences of Nature on the mind of man.

How manifold are the ideas which break in upon us, whilst contemplating the beautiful aspects of the joyous earth! Under the shade of some venerable tree, by the side of the fast-rushing river, what thoughts of security and peace have visited us! What an allegory also have we read there of Time fleeing away and Eternity ever coming—evercome—but never ending! Have we not been admonished likewise by the quiet grandeur of *this deep-rooted tree*, to live in the present, and to abide by the laws of our own being? Flow on thou shining river—follow thy own soul—be true to thy own nature; and I also, growing upon thy friendly banks, will answer the purpose for which I was sent here, and bless God that I hear thee sing!

In all seasons there is something to learn and to

love. Nature never wears the same face, and yet she is always alike. I have seen her weeping in the evening sky, and trailing her dusk garments over the landscape, like a mother sorrowing for her children—and then, conquering her grief, she has burst out into smiles, and summoned all the virgin stars to rejoice over her triumph and her hope.

And thus there is no passion, no grief nor joy, which Nature herself hath not in common with man. He who would read Nature aright must seek her meaning in his own heart. Deep, deep, are the sympathies of Creation, and we the centres of all things, have the roots of all things within us. God teaches us evermore through the visible symbols of Nature, and this highest lesson of the progression of the Soul is written in a thousand aspects—in the bud and blossom of the Rose, in the birth of Spring, the maturity of Autumn, the death of Winter, and in the birth of Spring, once more. For ever and ever must we be born again. We need not grieve for the old, we need not regret the past, but battling and conquering, we must march forward to the blessed grave with cheerful music and with song.

I often think that men know not how happy they might be; how divinely they might live. One only thing is necessary to make this earth a blooming paradise. *It is love!—love of man—love of nature—love of God!* And believe me, whatever the sensual world may say, love is the sublimest height of the soul. And to this sacred condition may we all attain. Whatever is known, whatever is conceived of the perfection of the soul, is possible to be *realized* by every man who strives after it. The world of sense is already full: and we have lived for sensual enjoyment long enough. Let us endeavour, therefore, after a more spiritual

life. Let us sit down like angels, and burn with deep love: then will the spiritual life come unto us and we shall be blessed. Holy, holy, holy, is the Tabernacle of a Man! Upon the High Altar of the Human Heart no fires should be kindled but those of affection and joy. Why should we not solemnize this glorious Creation into a cathedral of the everlasting God, wherein we are to dwell in perpetual devotion, celebrating every conquest of Thought in festivals of divinest rapture? I would live like an Ascetic, under the stars, and listen to the moonlight anthems of the winds, in the depths of the silent forest: yet as I love my brother men, I would come forth at their call with new words of hope for them, bidding them Hail. Solitude kindles the soul, and lifts it unto God. 'Let us embrace Solitude, therefore, like a Bride'—a virgin Bride, dedicated in the wilderness to the service of the soul. Solitude teaches us to love. Dear virgin Bride, what joy is it to deck thee with the blue and crimson flowers of the fields, and to talk with thee of life, and death, and the beautiful spirit-world beyond them! Ah! if man is to be regenerated at all!—and who does not believe this glorious doctrine?—then it must be brought about by love—that only! I am well aware that we cannot change our modes of feeling all at once: and, perhaps, of ourselves, not at all. But we can *wait* until God does it for us. We no sooner put ourselves in this humble attitude of waiting, than we are already prepared for God; and when he descends upon us, power and light and life are born into the soul, all baseness is forgotten, and the new birth begins. Let us wait therefore: and know that ye who wait for love, love already!

Love is the first cause of all things—the begin-

ning and the end of all things. It pervades the earth and the air, the sun and the moon and the stars. It is the great soul of life—the infinite element in whose depths the leviathans of the teeming universe rejoice and swim. We feel it in the sweet light of heaven; in the flowers of the pastures; and it makes music for us in the breath of the summer breeze. We are conscious of its presence in the quiet beauty of the woodland scenery; in the song of the happy birds; in the anthem of the hidden brook. Ministering spirits, above and around us, whisper its syllables in our ears: filling us at times with emotions so deep and pure and far-circling, that we seem to take all Nature into our vast and limitless bosoms. The thought and blood of the universe roll their tides through our pulses, until we become wild with the glorious enthusiasm of jubilant and undying life. We melt and *are*. All things are us, and we are all things.

It is inspiring to think how boundless is the capability of this divine essence which underlies the soul of man. When it is active within us what sights do we behold! what satisfactions are ours! what pure and incompressible joy, floats us, like an omnipresence, through the infinitudes of creation! And now on this first morning of the new-born world, when every flower in the earth's bosom, and every blossom on the trees and hedges, and every bird amongst the leaves, will soon invite us to go forth with love and mirth unto the banquet of Nature—can we not resolve that henceforth, we also will be renewed with the divine love?—and that despite the insanity of the selfish people who surround us, we will progress and progress though all the stages of this beautiful life?

We can understand nothing truly, until we are

thus born of the Spirit of God. We can be neither Poets nor Prophets, nor even virtuous, until that fact transpire. I know how incessantly the toils and rugged facts of our external condition tug at our heart-strings, and, with might and main, endeavour to keep us down: but can we not strive to look upon them with these new eyes of love, and convert them into high romance? Behold how love transcends all frightful forms—transfigures them even—and clothes them with radiance and glory! It conquers for us the difficulties of life, makes rough places smooth, and turns the bitterest wormwood into fragrant honeysuckles and rosemaries!

Then what power is there in the loving Man! Almost, if not altogether, is he a God! Who can speak like him? Who think or feel like him? The sole reason why life is so tame, so dull that one is pained to think of it, is this—that men are not lovers! I am aware this doctrine would be jeered at by the world, but you, O my friends, who see with deeper eyes into the principles of truth, will understand what I mean—will know, as some one quotes from the wise and good Emanuel Swedenborg, 'That in proportion as the affection which is of love groweth cold, the thought, speech, and action, grow cold also'—and some of you, like Swedenborg, will 'perceive this, not from a *knowledge* that love is the life of man, but from *experience* of this fact.'

Yet in our reflective moments, when meditating on the facts of life, seen from this celestial height of love, we grow sad and desponding. Almost we doubt the very God who has given us these generous visions—who has admitted us into his counsels, and shown us his hidden truths. *Man, alas, is in ruins!* He does not see the light of this beaming

love which bathes the creation. He does not understand the language it utters in the stones and the trees—and so we are ready to reproach God, and to despair of man! Alas! wherefore? If love be truth—if it can renovate all nature, and conjure life and beauty out of the dust of dead worlds—surely it can renovate man also! We have seen its workings in children, in insane persons, in criminals, in savages,—and shall we doubt its universal power over civilized humanity? Can we not see that every light flashed upon us out of the abyss of God, is sent for a purpose—*the* purpose—the accomplishment of the great end of brotherhood and progression? These revealings of the truths of the universe to individual minds are the seeds which God blows out of his Eternity, that they may be planted by Intellect here upon Earth, and watered by the springs of eloquence, to give regeneration and the bread of life to the unregenerate and the spiritually dying. Can we not believe, then, that one living, vital, earnest soul, which has held communion with the spiritual world, and has become quickened by the holy influences, may teach with such simplicity, such melody of words and utterance, what it has seen, and what it is, that men will listen to it and love it—that they will seek to *abide* with it, and to *be* it?

Let us not at least forget, that it is alike our privilege and our duty, to work and live for the good of others. If we have been favoured with any high revelation from God, let us proclaim it! We are incessantly taught by these endless, varying seasons, that we must not suffer the world to go backward, but that we must turn it into a vineyard of love, wherein every new generation must toil for the benefit of the forthcoming myriads. Especially

must we labour for the triumph of the Soul!—labour to subdue all things to the soul's sovereign monarchy. By this grand effort we shall at last merge the earthly into the heavenly, and bring about that ultimate design of human existence—the union of man with God!

The world cannot go backward; it cannot so much as stand still. Always underneath its ribs are spirits toiling and labouring, and turning the wheels of revolution. 'On, on for ever!' is the battle-cry which the invisible destinies of man roar in the ears of Time. They who will not or cannot lead, must follow: and in the whirl of the sphere, institutions and thrones and empires crumble into dust.

Yonder, my friends, uprushes at last, behind the rejoicing hills, the glorious god of day! How long has he lived there, in those unapproachable wilds! What life has he been to the worlds which burn around him! He comes to visit us once more, exhorting us also to be life to each other. O, would that I could write down, and imprison in words, the unutterable thoughts, alas! with which this mighty object fills me at this moment.

Awhile ago there were stars, and the dim twilight watching over a sleeping world. The Moon too was there in the glittering firmament, all sad and solemn, going her appointed way; and whilst I have been musing here alone, some invisible hands have stolen the night away, with all her pomp and beauty, and the Sun has risen to claim the world as his own. I now understand, better than ever I did before, the sublimity of those words in which God clothed his omnipotent Will on the morning of creation—'Let there be light.' Light was, light is, ever, for ever! Behold how it suffuses itself in

floods of blood and gold, over the grey islands of cloud which float in the deeps of heaven! Higher and higher does the sun ascend, and the rich warm rays beat at my window bars and fill the room. Poor flickering lamp—thou too must give way before this rising archangel.

And now once more, my friends, let us fall back for a short season from these majestic teachers, and speak the thoughts which they suggest. I have put out this lamp which has served me so long, and take to this new lamp of the sun. *So must we also take to new ideas.* It is useless to fight against necessity and God: for no long standing fact, no sacred thing, can abide beyond its time. And as God heralds the day and night, and the seasons, with signs and wonders, peculiar to each separate revolution; so also in this earth, does he send his messengers to prepare the way for every new dispensation of moral and intelligent government. Idea after idea comes battling with its two-edged sword, subverting the old, and planting its standard upon the ruins it has made. From the sages of the old Religion, and the bards of Greece and Rome, to Jesus, and from Jesus down to the deep Thinkers of this day, it is always the same. One institution is good until a better be revealed, and then that dies. The New Man is the Prophet of the Future—the mouth too, out of which the earnest thought of the present speaks. He is the eloquent oracle of the thinking mind of his time. Original is he: true also and sincere. What he says flows out of him like a spring from the heavens. He is constrained to speak, and his speaking finds a welcome in all hearts because it is truth to all hearts.

How mean and low, compared with this beautiful morning, and the feelings it inspires, seem all

our temples and institutions of learning! Are they so sacred that they must last for ever? They also shall die. Originating in the soul, they were put forth for good: but this same soul now moved into deeper depths, and filled with a diviner knowlege, proclaims in hard words the necessity of Re-forming.

I cannot doubt that a change in all existing things will one day, before long, sweep over us like a dream: for already, in unnumberable bosoms, do the desire and hope of a happier social state—of a nobler religious worship—pant and burn. I see too, that a rope of sand binds the tottering fabric of the old constitution together; that everything is sundered, loosened, and afloat; that nothing is now sacred with the fiery spirits sent here to accomplish this reform. Neither Religion, nor Philosophy, nor Literature—neither the Throne nor the Senate—neither the Priest, nor the Judge, nor the Law-giver. All the elements of society are scattered, and the great framework is ruptured, battered, and broken. The people have no faith in the Church nor the Parliament. They cry out against both—cry with million voices, in breaths and bellowings of the loudest thunder, and in Irish 'Monster Meetings,' in Anti-State Church Conventions, in Anti-Corn-Law Leagues, Charter and Sufferage Associations, and the like, they proclaim how earnest is their disaffection!

Let us, however, take courage and hope from this inspiring fact—that there are now alive in the world, those grand ideas of the worth of the soul, which have given of late so revivifying an impetus to the Moral Literature of the time. All men are aware that a mighty change is gradually mustering its forces around them, ready in its appointed time

to burst forth and change the face of the sphere. Many are the Revolutions which have swept over English Society during the progress of the ages; but never were we so far advanced in the lore of God as now; never before have men woke up from the trance of ignorance and beheld truth face to face. Unquenchable and indomitable Thought is abroad. To the million-and-a-half acre man it says, 'What right?' To the corn-law man, 'What right?' To titled and bearded primogeniture, 'What right?' All in vain are parchment deeds and long ancestral possession to this awoken giant. The land is the people's! 'Abolish your entail laws,' say they. 'Stretch not the dead hand over the live earth: give us a chance to win back again our right in the land. The old feudal selfishness must give way to the circumstances of the times. Let our rulers make haste to show by practical measures, that they have a quick consciousness of the right and sufferings of the People. Let them remember the Demon Revolution of France—how, with glaring eyes like the flames of hell, he reeled and staggered under the drunken blood of the aristocracy, mad with fury, and possessed with the horrible fire-spirit of retributive vengeance! That Revolution was the reaction of long years of oppression. The people asked for many things—for hides and roods to grow corn upon:—They were denied. Dying of starvation, and stung with the recollection of frightful wrongs, on a sudden they rose and said, 'We will not die!'—and all France echoed the words, 'We will not die!' Then came the feast of human flesh and the Revolution.

And this startling knowledge of the people—this looking upon old cousins with new eyes—reaches farther and deeper than the Aristocracy and the

so-called politics of the day. The New Man of this nineteenth century must, by and by, have a new house to live in—made too, of quite new and altogether Romanesque materials. He must have new furniture also; and instead of these old, cumbrous, worm-eaten chairs and tables, he must import seats and benches from the starry Olympus. His bread shall be manna, and his wine, the inspiration of the gods. For no longer are men satisfied with the refuse and offal of their forefathers.

These Divinity Bones, too; how bare have they picked them! Lord, Lord, what food is this for the undying, unsatisfiable, endless soul of man! Nature says to us—'Expand and grow!' Before us she spreads her books of wisdom written in light, and illuminated with all imaginable colours. 'Behold,' she cries, 'what god-like children have grown up under my teachings; what Poets and Philosophers and Lovers, who alone have made your history glorious! Come ye also, O youths and maidens, O men and women, rely upon your souls—your own strength—and do not follow basely and lowly in the track of the insane, wandering world. For ye also there is newness of life—love, hope, and unbounded progression.'

Ah, what eloquence is this, compared with the dull prosy speeches of the doctors—speeches we have heard so often, that not a child but can anticipate the most learned preacher! Have you never remarked how inspiring are the spontaneous thoughts which flash over us in the fields and woods?—how happy are we in the communion of Nature?—and then, looking back to the Church, what a chill as of death, makes the warm and generous blood to shiver in us like ice! It is because the truth is not uttered there as Nature speaks it, that we become thus cold and shuddering.

Hail, then, thou unborn Soul! who shall say to the vexed and troubled hearts of men, 'Peace be still!'—who shalt lead them beside the still waters, and make them feel, henceforth, that to grow up to the heights and thoughts of God, is better than dwelling under the superstitions of men.

I have given such loose to my thoughts, that I have been carried away, like a bird by the wings of the storm, not knowing whither I went. In a little while you, my much loved friends, will be knocking at my gate, and I have found few words yet wherein to greet you with the joy I feel. I know you will expect to hear me speak of Flowers—to mingle with my discourse the beauties of this fair and loving earth, and to present before you a picture, perhaps, of the divine Flora—garlanded with roses, and attended by glowing maids, who strew beneath her feet the blossoms of the White-Thorn and the Apple. But I cannot answer for myself in this matter: for what can I say to you half so well as the warm glory of Nature showeth?

Yet it is delightful to think that we shall meet and rejoice at this festival of Spring. I do not know of any custom, of the wise people, whom we nickname so foolishly 'Heathen,' nearly so religious and poetical as this. It sprang at first from the overflowing heart of man, so that he cannot willingly let it die. I do not wonder at the tipsy mirth and jollity which attended the old Roman pageant of Priapus, with these emblems of fecundity, the May-Pole and the garland, before it—nor am I shocked at the so-called licentiousness of the ceremony. Beautiful to me is the worship of Nature, and gladly do I hail the recognition of love to her, under the meanest and lowest forms. It is a sign of life and health at the bottom. So also do I look upon the ancient feudal pastimes upon this day as

indications, however rude, of sensibility to that beauty which overshadows us all—and of thankfulness to God who ushers it into the world.

I fear, however, that the Mammon Demon who presides so fatally over this decaying age, has done much to destroy the charm of our May-day associations. We are surrounded with its altars and its votaries, its ministers and its priests. Its daily and hourly sacrifices are the bleeding and broken hearts of the Sons of Toil. The Steam-Engine, like a beneficent god, creates and creates! But, alas! Mammon is master of the Steam-Engine! It gluts his insatiable maw with wealth—yet still it cries out for more. To the Sons of Men he says, continually —'By your slavery, alone, can I exist:' and, alas! he possesses also the power to enslave. Inverting the wise law of Nature, which ordains that Man shall live by the sweat of his brow—this Mammon devil compels him to sweat and—starve! The very corn which he plants in the fields, and which at this moment I can see waving its beautiful blades, and looking in the distance like green ripples dancing upon the bosom of so many breezy miniature lakes, this very corn, I say, intended by a generous Deity for the sustenance of the poor labourer, as a glad reward for his faithful services, does Mammon grab with his accursed fingers—and tax, forsooth!

Ah! how earnestly do I wish these sad pictures of human misery did not exist—that they did not force their sorrowful countenances into every joyful company, and plead with their dumb eyes for sympathy and redress. It mars our happiness to think that such things are—to think that for these poor Children of Toil there is no May-Day holiday—no jubilee of Nature at which their hearts can shout and be glad. Yet we, who are able, do well to fol-

low the old custom of making wreaths and garlands —and, above all, of gathering flowers to deck the beautiful maiden Queen of the Festival. It is a simple and touching ceremony that! and hides I know not what heavenly meanings. I can guess who you will make Queen to-day. I need not mention her name, for I know that her image is enameled in every heart. O, the beautiful should always be Good—even as goodness is always beautiful. And thou, my own fair cousin! thy face a perpetual May-day, where roses and violets and snowdrops mingle their loves together in the sweet sunshine of thy happy smile, I long to see thee crowned, and to pay thee that homage which is more due indeed to thy worth than to thy beauty! Do not blush so, thou Foolish Child! but believe that it only such high and pure souls as thine which could tempt me to utter the language of idolatry, and to feel the chastened devotion of the idolater.

And now, O friends, I greet you, one and all, before this Altar of Flowers, which Nature, with her invisible fingers, has erected upon the bosom of the meek earth. The grass is still wet at our feet, and the dew-drops sparkle in the blossoms of the trees and gem the tresses of the lady birch, like stars in the streaming hair of Berenice in heaven! The Thrush is singing his morning hymn, and the lark is soaring away into the skies to tell God how happy he is! There is a freshness about all living things, a love and deep unutterable joy, which invite us to become one with them: And whilst we wander over the fields and hills, in rapturous heart-felt thankfulness for so sweet a privilege, let us resolve that this day shall be the date of a new moral spring to us—and that whatever is venerable, just, and true, shall find henceforth a sacred welcome to our hearts.

THE TRANSCENDENTALISM OF LEEDS.

LEEDS is a poem which had its origin far back in the gloom and twilight of time. Nay, one may say that the seed was scattered for its life before man was; that it was conceived in the shadowy epoch of the Megatherium and the Icthyosauri. It was an embryo idea in the womb of nature during the vast millenium which witnessed the formation of coal and iron. The revolutions which changed the face of the sphere, which upheaved continents from the fiery bosom of the earth, and piled the Himmalahs and the Andes—like heaven-reproaching dumb creatures—upon their vast surfaces; which tumbled the unwieldy ocean into new channels, and filled unfathomable, cavernous, black abysses with its waters—all these revolutions, I say, were but birth-pangs of nature: Nature in labour with the materials necessary to form a human world. And when, at last, she had stored the hills with metals, and clothed the earth with verdure—when the woods echoed with the frolic and roar of beasts, and the mountains rejoiced beneath the thunder of the cataract—when the birds made melody in the groves, and the many coloured flowers garnished the green earth with beauty—when, in short, the mythic riddle which had taken so many millions of ages to complete, was ready to be questioned—the Spirit of God overshadowed the virginhood of nature for the noble birth of man; and in him

were seminally deposited the monarchies and empires, the arts and sciences, the commerce and manufactures, which run through all time down to the year eighteen hundred and forty-six—when I find the poem of Leeds evolved, and written in murky characters upon the broad literature of the West-Riding of Yorkshire.

To a mere Bucolic mind, developed in the country, and accustomed to associate the beauty and poetry of the world with pastoral landscapes—woods and flaggy streams—nothing could be more fatal to poetic feeling and thought than the soot and darkness in which Leeds is enveloped. A man of this fashion is so stereotyped in the antique image of my well-beloved Pan, that he is impervious to every new impression. He has an ear for the music of oaten pipes, and an eye for the dreamy sunlight which breaks through the shadows of the Beech and the Palm. He could sing to you all day long of the loves of the Shepherds and the Shepherdesses—of their Madrigals and May-pole dances—their feasts and wakes, their harvest-homes and Christmas merry-makings; but of soot and smoke, and the wonderful things which these typify, he can make nothing.

I find, however, a heavenly music in the blast and terror which issue from the scrannel chimney pipes of the manufactory. In the flaming, many-throated furnace, I behold the clustering Cherubim —their swords inverted, and their immortal secrets burning visibly upon their foreheads. I fancy I can read in these glorious triumphs of the soul the meaning of man's expulsion from Eden, and the significance of the beautiful allegory of Prometheus. For if knowledge have its penalties and sorrows, it can also steal Fire from Heaven to purge and re-

generate the world. If machinery be a present Demon, it is to the poetic eye of faith a future everlasting Saviour.

Knowledge, however, must fulfil its own conditions, must work out its own experiments, until it restore the human race to the more refined glories of a second paradise. In the meanwhile, man must suffer and toil. As aids to the invisible enginery which God employs in the scheme of human progress, millions of apparitions must figure for a moment, accomplish their mission of craft or labour, and disappear!—drawn back again by the unseen revolving wheels, to make room for new generations. In so large a government there must be a great expenditure of life; yet every life has its own inestimable value. If it be absorbed as a fact to-day, it lives as a necessity to-morrow. It is woven with threads of fire into the undying fabric of the universal mind; and must remain henceforth bound up with the inevitable and the eternal.

From this point of vision I lose all sorrow for the condition of the Mechanist and the Factory Worker. The dingy smith, sweating, with bare arms and naked breast, under the weight of his ponderous hammer, as he hurls it with manly strength upon the seething iron, which deadens the vibrations of the merry anvil—the ruddy roaring forge, with its flames of showering sparks, ascending in clouds of illuminated smoke to the black shadows of the smithy rafters—are to my mind supernal splendours. The mighty smith! with Tubal Cain for his ancestor, for whom nature had grown her forests in the great eternity of the world—before time was, or man—for whom she had torn them from their roots, and burned them until they blackened into an immeasurable Corpse of Coal;

for whom she had hidden her magical Iron in ore-bolders at the bottom of immense seas; dried up the sea, and left the fiery Iron to kindle the dead Coal when he, the smith, should appear!—this Mighty Smith, I say, is not sorrowful but godlike. The Minister of Civilization, he preaches in Steam Engines and Railroads! Not even thou, O cunning nature! couldst hide thy secrets from his eyes for ever. Thy glorious gospel, concealed so long in dumb stones, bursts forth at last, and thunders to heaven and earth in fire and smoke; in enchanted monsters that 'annihilate space and time,' and with iron fingers weave garments for the naked backs of the world.

When I walk along the streets, and thread the avenues of this vast city, I am overpowered by its spiritual magnificence. God's everlasting sky floats over it like a prophetic dream. Through the dun and torrid atmosphere, the pale round sun glimmers like a ghost that would gladly inhabit once more the abandoned earth—earth abandoned to Demons and Genii, that haunt it with unnatural sights and sounds, and make out of dead metal Living Creatures, who do the work of men, without hands or feet, and whose soul is created by raging fire and furious boiling vapours. And yet I know that these grimy Demons shall one day be transformed into benificent Angels of light, who shall flood the world with beauty and with joy. In the roar of machinery—in the rattling of the Arachne's spindles and the clappers of the groaning mill—in the bellowing of the Fiery Blast-Furnace—in the panting thunder-gasps and tremendous lightning speed of the Steam-Engine—I hear the songs of happy Children and the shouts of a regenerated world.

Glory to God for the blessed Curse of Labour! Out of the sweat of human brows, and the toil of human hands, the uninhabitable earth has been filled with habitations. It has been conquered from the Leopard and the Lion, and made divine by the presence of human forms, and the sorrows and triumphs of the human heart. In the savage wilderness where the she-wolf howled over her whelps, wave golden seas of corn. Where the snake once flashed through the rank grass of the meadows, sleep quite hamlets, surrounded by orchards dropping with ripe fruit. On the rocks of the booming ocean are the ports of an Unspeakable Commerce, with the winged and Fire-Messengers of Nations—diviner than the mythic Mercury of the gods—looking in rapt trances at the loveliness of their own shadows in the silent, sunny deeps below. Where the painted Trout lept in gladness through the bright waters of the river, and the sullen Pike found a retreat in the weeds and the bulrushes, the barges have made a highway for trade—and here, in the den of surrounding hills—once the pit of an extinct ocean—beats the mighty heart of Leeds!

Think for a moment of the runes and wonders imaged forth in all this pageantry of Manufactories, Mills, Workshops, Smithies, Chimnies! What a strange centre of eventful life it is! What Cunning and Capital are at work there. Ragged men and women making textures for the Robes of Kings and Queens; and supplying the marts of all climes with staples and luxuries. Ragged men, I say, with heads and hands married to nature, by art, her wisest high priest—under the foot of Capital—serving apprenticeship to a slavery that shall one day free the world. Ye noble Toilers see it not,

know it not, but work out your days embowled in fire-light darkness, for wages that may *enable* you so to work. But hear me when I say, that not the meanest stoker and floor-scavenger amongst you but is a link in the mighty chain of being which reaches to the end of the world, and binds the Monarch and Serf together in the splendid poetry of life. Not one amongst you, but upon him hangs suspended the destinies of Humanity, with all their future triumphs, freedoms, happiness, and joys. O heaven! that I could unrip the Blanket of the Future, and behold the issue of all this sooty work now going on in the Factories of Leeds—that I could unfold the completed history of the mission of machinery and steam! The grinding, devouring Demon that threatened, as I have said, to annihilate the workers of the sphere, is changed into the likeness of an archangel, with blessings dropping from his wings of fire! In him all labour is absorbed—and man is but the director of his prodigious efforts. The very face of the earth is changed, and society, with its institutions and laws, is as it was not.

Toil on, therefore, O gods of soot and smoke! Ye are the heralds of immortal hope—the conquerors of a high and an immortal destiny.

Who can resolve the magic that hangs over this huge centre of life? that dwells within its life? Think what histories lie folded up in its rudest tools! what sorrow and bitterness of dumb hearts are secreted in its American cotton bags! What glimpses do we get of that woollen material now weaving into breeches and gaberdines! and what a strange eventful story have these outer garments yet to tell, as they pass, animated with human bodies, through the passionate strife of the busy world.

To feed this great Maw of Leeds all the ends of the earth have been brought together. It is not a mere consumer, however, but a reproducer. If the burning Carolinas yield their snowy crops to the accursed slave culture of the African negro, and transport them in swift ships over the profound abyssmal Atlantic to Liverpool Docks, and thence by rail to this iron-spider of a Town, it is that they may be stamped with the magic of its existence, and transported afresh to all the zones of the earth. Ponder for a moment on this curious, wondrous fact. The life of Leeds animating the dead cotton crops of America—saying to the pale blossoms: Be ye changed into the shapes of men! Arise! and go forth upon your ghostly pilgrimage! Wander till your dooms-day come; when you shall be prisoned in judgment-lumber-rooms, and taken out thence to be torn by the teeth of demons, and pounded into glutinous dissolution, from which ye shall rise again to the resurrection of a more glorious life, and become the everlasting symbols of the thoughts of man, and the power and majesty of God.

The most startling object connected with this fiery dream-poem of Leeds, is Marshalls' tremendous flax-mill—a poem in itself. The Marshalls are mere common looking men, of a homely Arkwright structure, only they have, if I am rightly informed, a nervous twitching in their walk, as if they were hung upon wires, and were conductors of all the lightnings of the gods. These men, masters alike of the Ideal and the Actual, have flung their thoughts into granite and invested them with all the romance of a high historical and prophetical imagination. Behold the huge black monster of a mill, how it crouches there, gathering

its limbs into shadows in the silence of the moon-shiny night. The firmament hangs over it like a starry curtain. The same firmament which hung its lone awful drapery, three thousand years ago, over the shadowy sleep of its protypical temples in the arid sands of Egypt. O! huge Incarnation of the wonderful and mysterious soul, I honour thy mighty walls as the framework of the truest modern temple of God and his worship. What were the Egyptian priests to thine? What were Osiris and Isis to Marshall Brothers? What was the music of the Memnon Statue at sunrise, to the melody and world-wide significance of the factory bell at cock-crowing? If Memnon charmed the Vampire from his lycanthropical orgies, and drove the winged Dragon and poisonous Cockatrice to their dens in the rocks and mountains—or if, in a higher sense, the muffled visaged statue opened his dumb lips like an Æolian harp in praise and thanksgiving for the return of the blessed light—the clapper of the Factory Bell wakes human souls from enchanted night and darkness, to act in a gorgeous day dream, and create unutterable splendours which add to the worth and glory of life and the world. There they stand in Marshalls' two acre sanctuary, under innumerable cupolas, which look up through the quadrangular roof into the far-off immensities, whilst the dim light streams through the massy windows in the side walls. The mythological Fates have risen again, and weave through the fingers of these Holbeck virgins the threads of destiny. Alas! Fate Priestesses of the nineteenth century, would that ye could divine the meaning of your own apparitions—that ye could look through these miles of spun flax, and the clattering of spindles, to feel the wonder of your own mysterious mission!

Gaze now upon the frontal entrance to the temple. What a religious aspect it presents; severely pillared and fretted with ornaments, like Nature's architectural designs on the rocks of Edom. The serpent of the Egyptians rears its sacred head in an entablature over the doorway. No ghostly pageantry of priests—worshipers of Onions, Crocodiles and Bulls—now passes its lintels; for Marshalls' Memphian temple, is of a nobler sort. Wait awhile, and, if you have eyes, you shall see the ghosts of Holland, Ireland, Norway, and Russia, knocking at its gates, bearing whole mountains of flax upon their shoulders. These are the invisible ministering spirits of the great modern gospel of work. O Memphis! what are all thy mysteries to the spinning of flax? Endless interminable significances speak, from every thread and fibre of it.

It was a beautiful idea to build a temple for the Living Truth of Labour. I fancy the Marshalls have got a profound glimpse into the divine meaning of labour—that they see how all labour is religious, as an approximation to the employment of God, who is himself the everlasting Worker. He sows heaven with his thoughts, and they take shape and blossom in immortal stars. He sends his bearded comets as messengers through the burning voids of the universe, and establishes the laws of astral and solar commerce. Behold what a vast web of fiery constellations he has woven in the silent looms of his high overarching temple of immensity. O factory worker! think what a manufacturer is the almighty God! think of his restless, hurryless creations and re-creations, and work on ennobled by thy sorrow and thy hope. Thou art a manifestation of the divine forces and capacities, and

art sent here to unfold them in work which *has to be done.* A mightier than thou makes thee mighty for a *purpose.* Think on it therefore. Thou art not an Orphan, but a Son of whom God has need, and whom he will one day take back again to his bosom in yearnings of unutterable love.

Within the iron gates of the mill, cooped up in a kind of sentry box, sit the modern watchmen. Little do they think what sorceries the Marshalls have bound about them; what shadows of the huge Memphian Colossi (guardians of their incorporated presences. Behind them is Cleopatra's Needle, converted into a chimney, stitching the heavens into a gorgeous tapestry of fire pictures, with threads of voluminous smoke. And down to the very end of the street sweeps a long range of other red bricked factory buildings belonging to the same proprietors. And here we lose sight of the Egyptian wonder-world and behold the present. Hark to the Whirrs and Rattles, the Thunders and Pants, the Shrieks and Roars, imprisoned like phantoms of wild beasts in these devils' menagerie! And see! how their keepers glide silently, ever and anon, by the glaring windows. Out of this infernal revel what dreams will come!

Turn away now to Hunslet Moor Side and behold the Potteries. These are another canto of the Leeds poem— further manifestations of the spiritual forces of iron and coal. Within these savage walls, built up of smelted dross—more human apparitions are at work, kneading clay into flesh pots and all useable utensils, and burning them in the bowels of the grimy monsters they have subdued to their service. Consider for a moment how wonderful is all this! What are these human Appearances but invisible Souls walking about in bodies of clay

fashioned by the hands of the great God? And what are the sorceries they practise, but efforts of the same invisible soul to shape its thoughts in materials for the use and comfort of mankind. The living Clays of Mesopotamia making pots out of the clays of Leeds! I think this is a text worthier of a more profound exposition than is likely to show itself in any sale of the commodity.

In strange contrast with this mythic picture, lies the rude moor with its muddy pools, and sheets of rain-water wherein the geese waddle and cackle. Nature shows herself here in torn and tattered garments, like a rich virgin mother stript of her gay attire, but still chaste and true and beautiful. Like a serene wayfarer, she waits in silence by the city walls, and if I might interpret her mute eloquence, these are her words :—Thus far, O man! my well-beloved conquering son! have I followed thee over the weary planet. Here thou hast built for thyself an everlasting citadel and palaces of fire and splendour. Here thou art unfolding the mightiest epoch in thy mission and history. Thou, with keen eye, hast pierced at last my long hidden secrets, and I am content to love thee in silence. Put forth thy magic power over this barren moor, and people it with thy enchantments; and when thy work is accomplished, I will retire to my lonely mountains and woods and pastures, and assume new forms of beauty, that I may tempt thee back again to my loving bosom.

Is Hunslet too muddy, O reader! for revelations of the celestial glories? Come hither then and bend over these cart ruts, axle deep in water! What seest thou there? Uncover thy head, and stand in awe before the wondrous picture. The azure of heaven with all its pomp of clouds, illumi-

nated by the golden sun-light, is mirrored in the dreamy pool, and thy shadowy visage gleams there in the inverted immensity—which is now a *part of thee* for ever!—Go thy way.

We will now cross the moor and stand a moment upon the railway bridge leading into Hunslet. Leeds Station is away there in the distance. Leeds Station! Didst thou ever think of the significance of those words? Station for what? For horses and chariots of fire! which outstrip the wind, and make the solid earth whirl and vanish before us like a drunken vision. Village, church, wood, meadow, mountain, river; all, all momentarily APPEAR! and are succeeded by others who come on and on in endless pageant, like ghosts going up to judgment. The noble steed is here conquered by a nobler one, who carries Time himself upon his brazen back, and swallows up miles at every grasp, making the remotest cities, neighbourly.

How terrible the station looks from this bridge. The chimnies of the iron foundries are belching forth torrents of flame and vapour, like angry demons. And behold! here comes a train—panting—thundering—tearing—upon its iron track—whuz, whuz—whistle and scream—flash! the smoke rolls over our heads and it is gone. Follow it on the other side of the bridge. Away! away! goes the mighty Hell in Harness—a celestial sight.

Three further objects of interest, all of them transcendental enough, lie on the hill tops of Leeds, and form a sort of guardians to the obscure smoky town below. These are the Barracks (with Chapeltown, its green fields, woods, and villages beyond it), and the Jail or Castle now building, far away on the opposite side, at Wortley—and Burmantofts Hall, once known as the seat of certain Sheriffs of

the County. The first mentioned buildings frown at each other with awful meanings, over the simmering valley of life, which, as I have said, they guard like the fabled Cerberus. Their guardianship, however, is no fable, but a strange and almost inexplicable reality—the sternest and most sorrowful of all realities! See, for instance, that long red bricked pile which they call the Barracks! What is it? What ideas does it embody? What language does it speak to us out of its high and horrible walls? What sign does it make, for the hopes and fears of this generation and the world? Alas! it is a little world to itself; shut out by its occupations from the sympathies and pursuits of civilized men; having no thoughts nor feelings, scarcely, which are theirs —with no identical interests—spell-bound by frightful enchantments of Chivalry and Murder. Some thousand men, women, and children, are, I suppose, imprisoned there—officers and their fair wives and daughters; soldiers and *their* attaches. The first, by virtue of their commissions, live in goodly mansions, and fare sumptuously upon fat viands and red fiery wine; the second congregate in herds, and live mysteriously upon thirteen pence and a fraction per day. Over the blazing hearth of the Canteen they fill their pipes with the magic weed of the Tropics, and carouse out of pint pots full of Thames porter. Poor fellows! How luxuriously, infernally idle, is *their* idleness! How infernal their *work* is! How unlike that going on in the factories below. That is the toil of gods; this of demons. Here men—human beings, with God and the eternal destinies above and around them, are drest in liveries of blood, and trained, not to bless, but to kill by mathematical principles and combinations! O Euclid! thou swarthy Egyptian, was it *for this*

that thou spent thy long night watches? I see thy unurned ghost gliding through every manœuvre of those terrible red coated Merry-Andrews; and yet, methinks thou wouldst rather make silent companionship with the student, than be dragged thus into the fearful revel of the destroyer.

Hark! to those thrilling bursts of music which issue from the fife, the trumpet, and the drum, in full band and chorus. The lonely sentry outside, with his black shaggy cap and shouldered musket, pauses awhile to listen, and then continues his solitary beat. The old veteran was in the battle of Waterloo; and these sounds call back to his mind the horrid groans and shrieks of the dying, the mountains of dead mutilated bodies, and the red-sunshine glaring down upon them through the smoke of the dreadful cannon. Let him think on!

It is curious to observe how this military organization preserves itself entire through so many centuries; and although I, individually, abhor it, and have no need of it for my heart and person, still I am not dead to its necessity. It is a sign to me that society, as a whole, is too sensuous yet, to do without it. We have not sufficient reliance upon the power of higher and nobler principles, to abandon our worship of brute force; and even if *we* had, so long as other people, with whom we are connected by commerce and colonial enterprise, have not, I fear it must still cleave to our institutions. We find that this military spirit has been the conservative of much human liberty, and the security of human progress. It is the might of the battle arm which has won for us the right of the head and heart; and until men are wiser and better, they must be content with paying soldiers to fight for them. They are so many representative

evil passions, armed with swords and gunpowder, and I say they are as true facts as the priest and the missal. The *priest* is the commander-in-chief, at present, of the moral man; one day *his* office, and that of the *military* Commander, will be merged in a certain mission which *humanity itself* has to fulfil—but the time is far distant.

And now, if any one ask what transcendentalism there is in all this: I answer, That these soldiers are but Apparitions of the underlying brute Forces of Nature—destined to do the work of such—doing it indeed from the earliest times. Each one of them also is apostolically descended from the first band of men that united together to repel aggression or to agress, through all the armies of the Egyptians and Jews, Asiatics and Europeans, down to that of Aliwal. The same spirit builds up the same soldier-like forms in all countries, and binds them all together in the brotherhood of hate, courage, heroism, and valour. This spirit is again bound to the service of a higher one—to love and progression. I do not see how one can, philosophically, depreciate force and war, seeing what grand instruments they *have been* in the peace and security of the world. Our good mother Nature perpetually makes use of them as her evangelists—often as her executioners. If there be too great a pressure of fire or air in her bowels, producing disease, behold how she relieves herself in furious earthquakes and flaming volcanic eruptions! So, I think, God rules the human world. If we *will* make discords and moral diseases, he sternly suffers us to bring the matter to an issue, by explosions of gunpowder and otherwise. Although, therefore, we cannot hate force philosophically, we may oppose it *morally*—principle to principle. If a man feel himself called

to speak *loudly* upon this question, let him speak by all means, otherwise much may be done by silence —will *do* itself in silence.

The Castle at Wortley looms through the mist; let us visit it. One would think, to look upon this stronghold, that we were living in the feudal times when barons and wassail bowls were in fashion, and the songs of merry retainers resounded through the hall. But, alas! all this mountain of stone has been erected here to crib thieves and vagabonds —spawned in the stagnant rotting pools of society. God help them! Half the money spent upon the land in wise efforts to reclaim them—to give them industrious habits, and re-form them by a noble culture—would have been profitably spent. As it is, we can only say it has been laid out according to the profoundest wisdom of political economy. Instead of the rejoicings of feudal times, we shall have the shrieks and groans of modern Christian times. Through the bars of those yet unfinished cells, what horrid, bloodshot, despairing eyes shall scowl over the heavens in their agony—sending forth unutterable half-shaped thoughts and inquiries into those unanswering voids, and then call them back again to gnaw the poor sick and hopeless heart that beats madly in the prison-house of the bosom. Ah, Thou! unhappy and wretched! A few more moments, and the rope shall swing thee into the eternal silences, where the fiery fever of thy body, with all its dread convulsions and tremblings, shall never enter.

A Castle to crib up Crime! Crime cannot stop there, nor be made better there; it can be but *punished* there.

Punishment
Is not the intent
Of God in his wise creation;

He 'flicteth pain
To draw back again
All life to its true relation.

You cannot mould a man into virtue by New Model Prisons—nor disciplines of bread and water —nor solitary confinement. A human soul, to be made good, must be filled with the heavenly inspirations—that is: It must be developed by *principle* before it can resolve itself into noble action.

Fifty years hence, if those castle walls could speak, what lessons they might teach us all! In that time some scores of thousands of criminals will have past in and out there—each inscribing, in invisible characters, upon the plaster-work of the cells, his *real* life from childhood upwards;—his first falling, and the causes of it; his after career, with its sorrows and unspeakable bitterness. Here is a poor Magdalen, once the joy of her mother and the pride of her father—who fell, questionably, by putting too much of her infinite heart into the keeping of a mere finite sensualist—and was driven in consequence from her home, to live in the byeways of hell. One kind word might, perchance, have saved her—and now, with all her sins upon her back, huge and intolerable as a Caucasus, she is bent double—with her heart breaking, and none to comfort her.

But let us linger here no longer; I hate to look on dark pictures, unless it be to get sunshine out of them. So farewell! thou uncomfortable sham of the olden hospitality. Within thy horrid walls no merriment nor joy shall ever enter. Thou standest there, the destined hecatomb of human hearts—an awful, sorrowful necessity!

Burmantofts Hall is of happier notoriety and aspect; three miles from the 'Castle,' and on the other side of the town. There dwells Dr. Lees,

the Ghost of Teetotalism! out of whose brain thousands and tens of thousands of men have been born alive. Lo! how they swell the pageantry of all Temperance Festivals, with their songs, banners, and triumphant music. The rabid drunkard, pouring 'liquid fire and distilled damnation' down his burning throat, has been transformed, by the alchemy of this magician's spirit, into the noble masonry of a man—with *thoughts* in him, which, here and there, have bottomed hell itself and mastered heaven, by living in the kingdom thereof upon earth. O good Doctor! thou art to me a sort of magic incorporation of a devil's world conquered—and a God's world begun. Adieu!

And now the great town itself! Look at it! with Briggate for a heart, and its innumerable streets for ventricles and arteries. Behold its shops full of the produce of human labour—its provision houses—'tape and small ware' stores, which my good friend, Holmes, Draper, in School Close, will have it are of more practical and poetic value than Homer's Iliad (themselves an Iliad, he says)—dram-shops, coffee-houses, newspaper-offices, book-stores, groceries, tobaccories—and other infinitely various establishments founded upon man's necessities and luxuries. See the long line of cabs and coaches indicating that business and money are plentiful. And then turn to the churches and chapels, surrounded in many instances by brothels and dens of infernal thieves—God and the Devil struggling there, as I may say, for mastery, as in the days of Paradise Lost—to the devil. O! what unwritten and unwriteable poems lie in all these combustible elements. Who will attempt an epic out of them, and take the Barracks for a prologue and the Castle for an epilogue?

THE GALA.

TO

H. W. WICKHAM, ESQ.,

OF

KIRKLEES HALL;

TO WHOSE KINDNESS THE MEMBERS OF THE HUDDERSFIELD MECHANICS' INSTITUTION WERE INDEBTED FOR THE PRIVILEGE OF HOLDING THEIR LAST ANNUAL GALA IN THE PARK AND GROUNDS OF KIRKLEES,

THE FOLLOWING POEM

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

THE GALA.

The day is bright and warm; the meadows lie
Steeped in the dreamy quietness of noon;
And gliding in their midst, the river steals
With all its noiseless waters—till it bursts
In music voices down the roaring weir;
And the old stormy hills, whose shaggy brows
Drop with the golden jewels of the gorse,
Sleep calm and tranquil 'mid the blue of heaven.

O for the crimson woods, and haunted streams,
The dingle, where the harebell hides the bee:
And all the grassy firmament of flowers,
Spreads starlike o'er the bosom of the earth,
I hear the blackbird piping o'er the lea,
And the sweet throstle's song amongst the trees;
And yearning towards them, like a god on fire,
With love for some new world which he has made,
My heart in painful rapture beats and burns.
All nature calls, and bids us haste away
From the tall chimnies of the smoky town,
The sweat and toil of labour's weary work,
And wander with glad hearts, thro' her domain.
Dear Mother Nature! fair and beautiful
Thou art to me, thro' all thy changing forms;
For I indeed was nurtured at thy breast,
And sunned to manhood 'neath thy large dark eyes.
Thy gentle hand, dropping with odorous flowers,
Guided my youth thro' all its devious ways,
And clasped within thy arms, I nightly slept,
Under the shadows of the moon and stars;
And not a voice that haunts the midnight air,
Or mystic sign within the fiery north,
Or sloping south; or whisper from the west,
Or vision in the constellated east,
But thou didst breathe its meaning thro' my dreams,

And when the mighty giant of the sky
Unbarred the ruddy posterns of the morn,
And shook the glory of his burning locks
O'er misty stream and lake, and smoking moor,
As he went forth to climb his ancient way,
Thou, Mother! on the hill, or in the grove,
Or by the fall of the steep cataract
Half hid amongst the rainbows of its foam,
Hast beckoned me to come and sit by thee;
And I have watched thy creatures unawares,
And seen their wondrous ways, and learned the lore,
Which lies deep hidden in the heart of things.
And tho' my utterance is of feeble kind,
And all unworthy of the great discourse,
Which doubting, sorrowing, hoping, I have held
With thee in storm and shine, thro' many years
Which number revolutions dark and strange
As those which lie beneath the ribs of earth,
Yet I have felt, and feel the influence
Of thy great heart and spirit, in its power.
And now I long to see thee once again,
In all thy shining glory and array:
To hear what secret words thou hast in store,
Secret and new, since last we met, to tell:
That I may pass unquestioned thro' thy bowers
And learn fresh wisdom from thy ancient leaves.

Nor in my heart alone, do these desires
And longings rise to greet thee, gentle Mother!
For thou hast many hearts, entailed by love
In the great freehold of thine heritage;
And hundreds such, this day, I know are glad
As thy own sunshine, in the thought that they
Shall press thy loving bosom to their own.

This is the laughing season of the year
When we, the weary workers of the mills
—Dark labourers in the wealthy mine of time,
Doomed, that the coming ages may be blest,
With light and freedom, by our suffering won—
Steal half-a-day from the fierce hand of fate,
And hold our annual Gala in the woods.
It is a generous festival, which we
Have claim to celebrate—tho' not, alas!
As labour's children, but as students poor
In the Mechanics' Institute, whose arms
Are open to receive us all, and bless,
With knowledge and the fruitful lore of time.

Night after night, when the day's work is done
In the red fiery smithies; and the mill,
With all its monstrous clappers, holds its breath;
And the steel fingers of machinery
—More swift and cunning than the hands of man—
Ply at the loom no more, we toil afresh
And call the labour, as all labour is
When followed with high aims, a holy task.
For what to us more holy can there be
Than the unfolding of the hidden soul,
Which dumb, with its immense capacities,
Waits, like a prisoned god, the power to speak?

It is a noble and a touching thing
To see six hundred weary boys and men,
With such emprise pursue their studious course
Thro' all the moony cycles of the year.
I love each honest face, tho' scarred with fire,
And trenched with indigo and sooty stains;
For thro' their darkened lineaments I see
The Maker's Image, gleaming like the light
Of sunshine 'mid the ruins of the storm,
And know that heaven doth compass them. I love,
Despite the scowl of discipline and law,
The merry laugh, and noise of clogged feet,
Which like the rushing of an armed force
Victorious shouting, come thro' all the depths
Of lobby, stairs, and painted corridor,
When at the hour appointed them to meet,
The millboys, in their brown and clouted frocks,
Turn students in the class-rooms. Dear to me
Are each and all. And not the less I love,
For his rogues' eyes and saucy tongue, the worst;
Knowing that wildest trees, when dug and graft,
Drop richest fruit in autumn's golden lap.

The class rooms are my palace-halls and pride;
My workshop, where the mystic artistry
Which great Prometheus taught the sons of men,
Is silently progressing. Dædal forms
Of brass and stone, are changing there to life
Under the influence of the holy fire,
And growing large and beautiful, like gods
New born, who feel the infinite expand
Within them, and absorb the floating worlds.
And I have faith that men shall be as gods,
In the slow processes of time transformed,
Knowing the good from ill and doing it.
And hence I watch, in their unconscious growth,

These toil-worn scholars, instruments of fate,
In working out the fashion of the world.
For nature loves her children and appoints
To each his silent influence or deed.
And in the mighty tempest of events
Loud thundering to the sky in blood and flame;
Or in the ripened epochs, when the corn
Heavy with golden grain, in bearded sheaves
Is gathered 'mid the light of harvest moons,
She, Nature, rules and moulds them to her will;
Enlarging all the starry zones of life
And making broad the destinyof man.
So not a thought dropped down into the soul
Of these poor students that shall lose its fruit;
But in the mill, or by the cottage hearth
Or on the dusky moors with savage mates,
Each one shall cast the radiance from his brows,
And kindle other spirits with his power.

And none shall say, in reason, that I fling,
Around this poor Mechanics' Institute
An alien glory; for true things are God's
And truth is ever glorious. Mighty
In their work and destiny were all
The rude instructors of the past empire,
The guilds and boroughs of the olden days,
And the dark twilight monastries of time.
And these, whilst present to the eyes of men,
Were poor and humble as the theme I sing;
Tho' now, far off in the eternal night,
They sleep sublime amongst the coloured stars,
And the dim shadowy galaxies of heaven.
Our Institutes and Factories are as great,
Under the pied immensities to-day
As those old guilds were yesterday I see
The same great spirit struggling thro' them all;
Each manifest of a particular phase
Of human life and enterprise; each in turn,
Abandoned like the sculptures of the Sphinx,
Which stare stone-eyed athwart the burning sands,
Of some lone wilderness of howling beasts.
And so believing in the Spirit's power,
And in the wisdom of whatever is,
I cleave to my own age and work in it;
Loving the ragged back and crooked hand,
The hearts and fortunes of my college poor.
And not the less, when the full classes break,
And tumbling, jostling, down the stairs they go,
I love to hear their liberated roar
As they rush homeward through the starry night.

And now at Whitsuntide,—the holiest feast,
The church doth celebrate thro' all the year,
When England from her thousand hamlet fanes,
And sculptured temples, and cathedral choirs
Doth send her million peans to the sky
In glad rejoicing o'er the Pentecost;
And festive games, and merry holidays
Make all the people, like a trumpet shout,
In jubilee with nature;—we go forth
With aged parents, brothers, sisters, friends,
And in the thick embowered woods and dells,
And islets, lawns, and pastures full of deer,
Where sweeps the fair domain of old Kirklees,—
Have leave to roam all day, till comes the dark.

The train is ready, all the ponderous train!
And the fire-breathing horse, impatient grows,
To whirl us in the thunder of his strength,
Along the iron longitudes, which gleam
Over the hundred-arched viaduct,
And thro' the gloomy gorges of the hills
Like molten serpents flashing to the sun.
Haste! for the station clock points to the hour.
The shrill wild whistle screams along the roof;
And now with labouring groans the monster moves;
Now faster than the winged fire we flash
Over the reeling landscape; whilst the sky
With its Behemoth clouds, seems tumbling down
The infinite to chaos. On we sweep
Thro' sundered rocks which saw Deucalion's flood
And grew the herbage that the bison cropped
When England's masters were the wolf and boar;
Whose stony bosom hid the blackened bones
Of ancient monsters dead, and all extinct
E'er man looked up into the face of God.
On! over stream and brake and pastoral plain,
Where lies the cattle full of tranquil thoughts,
And peeps the shepherds' cot amongst the trees.
Where vistas break thro' openings of the hills,
Like sunny landscapes thro' dark galleries,
Seen for a moment and then gone for aye,
Away! away! the garden and the park,
The country seat, in panoramic view,
Are vanishing in beauty; and behold!
Clad in the gorgeous foliage of June
The sloping heights of old Kirklees appear.

Now pouring down the road and up the hill
In pictured groups, to the park gates we go,

Where marshalling in order, we proceed
In one long stream of joy, beneath the trees,
Over the gravel walk thick set with flowers,
Up to the old and hospitable hall.
O would that I could dip my pen in fire,
The fire of Chaucer's genius and portray
The living persons of our pageantry.
Not Canterbury pilgrims were more marked,
In dints of character, than some of these.
And reckoning them for service freely done,
But few, more worthy, ever graced the page
Of poet in the blazonry of song.
First, with their brasen instruments, the band,
Advance with full blown cheeks, like Œolus,
Loud breathing thro' the trumpets of the storm,
And make tempestuous music in the air.
Then with his rosy boys, brown haired and dark,
As sun burnt Cretans, one in either hand,
The noble Founder of the Institute,
With all the sunshine of the solar worlds
In his great heart and brain, leads on the way.
Thrice happy man! beloved and loving all.
Last night I saw upon his warehouse stair,
Dusk lazars, while their sunk and hollow eyes,
Glaring athwart the gloom; crutched beggars pale,
In looped and dropping rags; and widows lone,
Hooded in sorrow, with their little ones
Who but for him and God, were fatherless.
He, with kind words and liberal hand supplied,
As is his weekly custom, all their wants,
And sent them home in gladness, blessing him.
I bless him too; and hail him here to-day,
As who does not? with a most loyal heart.
Next follow the committe two and two
Dyers and clerks, and spinners each by trade,
Who work all day, and in the evening meet
To praise the Lord, by caring for the poor.
Next come the four vice-presidents, and next
The three librarians, each a cyclopede.
True hearted John, plain spoken as a bell,
And Joseph grave as Gill's divinity
And good as the best books he loves, and George,
The treasurer, laughing drily as he goes,
Cracks his sly jokes between the secretaries
Who pay him back with usury. Then come
The host of teachers, forty-five in all,
And after them the students and their friends,
Sweethearts and wives, for nearly half a mile,
With true old Peter who the porter is,
Swart as Egyptian Moses, in the rear.

The cavalcade advances thro' the gates,
The inner gates, thick ribbed with iron bars,
Supported by hugh pediments of stone
And sculptured with the eagle's beaks and claws.
And thro' the windows of the porter's lodge
Where climb the scented jessamine and rose,
I see the merry face and glorious eyes,
Of a young maiden peeping as we pass.

And now the park, the green and grassy park
Smooth as a waveless sea, with all its trees,
Laughs out its sunny length before our eyes.
The neighbouring deer lift up their heads and flee;
And the huge mastiff bitch, whose brindled sides
Shape like a tiger's in their bounding strength,
Barks loud and furious to the kennel chained.
The sharp black shadows of the ancient hall
Lie in our path; the sunshine all beyond
Over the woods and hills; and in the front
Of the dark gothic windows and the door,
In bright array we bring our numbers up.

Three mighty cheers, from thrice five-hundred tongues,
Burst like the thunder of a loosened sea,
In honour of the kind and generous hearts,
The host and hostess of the noble hall,
Who, on the basement of the stony steps
Facing the sunny gardens in the south,
Come forth to welcome us; whilst all the men
And women of the household gather round,
To join us in our merry holiday.

The olden time of hospitality,—
When from cockcrowing in the early morn,
To sun-down in the swarthy west, at eve,
Each English hall, with wide and open doors,
Faced the surrounding country with a smile,
Inviting up the peasantry and poor,—
Seems from the dead past, to come back again,
With all its sunny hearts, and festive games!
Its May-day dances, and athletic sports,—
When bare-armed wrestlers—each an Hercules—
With hairy breasts, like the brown skin of beasts,
Broad spreading o'er the deep walls of the chest,
Met for the conflict; or the shepherd's pipe
Floated the air with madrigals and song.—

For whilst apart from the glad throng I muse,
Under this lime-tree's shade 'mongst odorous flowers,
The band strikes up in tunes of lively sound,
And makes each bosom tremble like a nest
Of nightingales entranced beneath the moon.
And now upon the lawn all blythe and gay,
They form the circle of the mazy dance,
Each mated like a bird in jocund spring.
And further on a flying chain of boys,
And girls, linked hand-in-hand, sweeps o'er the sward,
'Threading the Needle,' as they call the game.
Symbolical I hope, of happier times,
When this hard iron age shall pass away,
And love, uniting all the continents
And isles, shall breath thro' every human heart,
And build her golden palaces to heaven.
So shout! ye weary children of the town!
Shout! and be happy whilst the sunshine lasts.
I would that ye, who labour for the world,
Could oftener feel the sunshine and be free.
Ye, who with cunning fingers weave the robes
Of kings and queens, clothing all naked backs,
From India's Ghauts, to Southern Africa,
From Europe, to Columbia's furthest bounds;
Compared with whom, the Genii of the East,
And all their magic splendour shrink away,
Like Vauxhall with its fires before the sun.
For labour as a blessing should be blest,
And he who pays but wages for his work,
And owns no higher bond of mastership,
Forgoes the grandest privilege of man,
In ruling, god-like, o'er his fellow-man.

Hark! where yon ponderous oak lifts up its head,
Thro' all the seasons, and the howling storms,
I heard the choral numbers of a song,
Well known to me in days that are no more.
It is the glee of merry Robin Hood,
Who for six hundred years,—whilst Luther shook
Colossal Rome, and dashed her to the earth
Amidst the dust of empires and of thrones;
Whilst Shakespeare wrote, and Milton sang sublime,
And Cromwell built his mighty commonwealth,
And printing made men wise as the old gods,
And steam, fireborn, and fire begot, took shape
Of monstrous engines, and loud panting ships,
Bridging wide lands and isles and ancient seas,
And making distant cities neighbourly,—
Has slept serene amongst these grassy hills.

I well remember when with reverent foot
I made my first historic pilgrimage,
Unto the outlaw's grave. Oft had I heard
In Sherwood Forest, by the cottage hearths
Of Edwinstone, on many a winter night,
Traditions of his death and burial.
And all the scenes which Robin loved so well,
From Cresswell's savage crags, where Wollen rolls,
And Budby's heath, and Birkland's faery realm
Of silver birches, to the ruined oaks
Of Billhaugh lone and desolate I know.
And standing there, beside his mouldering bones,
The dews of Sherwood I that morn had brushed
From the dark ling, scarce dry upon my feet,
I seemed to bring the forest to his manes
With all its wailing memories and trees.

Who now will come with me and pay once more,
Sad homage at the brave old hero's grave?
I know the spot which yonder pinetrees hide
Under their sunless gloom; and we will go
Down to the Porter's Lodge, and mount the heights
Of the Great Terrace, past the seven beech trees,
Where all the vale of Calder lies below,
Soft dreaming with the river in its arms,
Under the shadows of the mighty hills.
No fitter path could lead to such a tomb.
Thick as a forest grow the towering trees,
Thro' which the landscape in its finest sweeps,
Bursts like the vision of a sudden world.
We tread o'er mosses soft, and beds of flowers,
Crushing the kingcup into golden fire;
Whilst round us on the banks, the rabbits crop
The moist rich grass, or startled spring below.
Far bounding down the shaggy terrace' side.
Large seats of twisted wood, whose rude old arms,
Like those of Satyrs in Arcadia's prime,
Have circled many a gentle maiden's waist,
Are rooted here and there along the path,
Commanding all the distant hills and moors.
Soft as a spirit's breath, the summer wind
Low murmuring 'mongst the trees, makes music
sweet,
And various as the leaves thro' which it goes.
Now surging like the mellowed roar of waves
On the sea-beach at even—in the birch;
Now fuller-sounding, like an organ's swell
Thro' all the grand dark foliage of the oak.

And hark! how merrily in yonder copse
The blackbird's song makes all the woodland ring;
Whilst at our feet the sunny shadows flash,
And o'er us flames the vaulted dome of heaven.

Tread lightly o'er the earth—and speak no word
Till the Great Spirit doth unloose your tongues.
For where those yew trees nod their funeral plumes
Upon the highest platform of the hill,
Lies gentle Robin Hood; his mighty heart
All muffled up in dust, and his bright eyes
Quenched in eternal darkness. Never more,
Shall the woods echo to his bugle horn,
Or his unerring arrow strike the deer
Swift flying, till it bites the bloody grass,
Clean gone for ever all his merry band,
Who erst in gaberdines of green and gold,
Waylaid rich abbots in the Watlyne street,
And broke their staves upon the Sheriff's men,
Broad-humoured Scathelock, and envious Much,
Will Stutely of the quarterstaff, and Tuck
The jolly friar, who liked more wine than prayer;
And all the hundred archers, vanished quite.
And she whom Robin loved, Maid Marian,
Light as a fawn, and beautiful as night,
When streams her starry hair along the heavens,
Rests like a lily, in the wild wood laid
Amongst the moss and violets. Allen Dale,
The gentle harper who was crossed in love,
Lies silent as the rest, his grave unknown.
And Little John, the master's favourite man,
Stiff in his giant bones at Hathersedge,
Sleeps on till doom amongst the Derby hills.
So here the Head of this broad history,—
Who from his native hills in Loxley chase,
With Simon Montford fought at Evesham,
For the great Charter of the people's rights,
In unsuccessful battle, and became
A wild wood rover, rather than abide
The whips and arrows of a tyrant's power,—
Lies prisoned in black rails, his epitaph
Proclaiming all his woodland gifts and deeds.

How lone and silent is the hallowed spot!
O'ergrown with fringed ferns and mosses dank.
The tall dark pines in solemn threnody
Wail o'er his tomb—as o'er a wood-god dead,
And not a sound disturbs the deep repose
Which like a slumbering spirit broods around.

Alas, poor Robin! thou art dead and gone!
And *We*, who slept within the fiery womb
Of night and darkness, waiting to be born
When thou went down to silence in the grave,
Are here at last, to die and sink like thee
Again into the chambers of the dark.
So rise and vanish all the ghosts of men.

Away! away! we will no longer dwell,
On such a theme, in such a holiday;
For I and ye, companions of my walk,
Are strong in life and limb, and feel the blood
Like generous wine rush drunken thro' our veins.
O life! O glorious life! O world!
With thy great beauty sailing through the deeps
Mid starry isles, and sunny continents
In the blue, lone, immensities of heaven,
I love you with a heart so full of joy,
That out it bursts over the happy hours
Like a far-circling, all-embracing sea.
Life may be sleep—the soul's disease!
And death the true condition of a man.
But neither Plato, nor the mystic bards
—Great friends and well beloved though they be—
Shall cheat me of my heritage on earth.
For I have no remembrance when the world
Looked otherwise than now it does to me.
Only when I was very young there seemed
To be an alien glory over all things.
And the great shadows of the ancient trees,
The supernatural shapes o'th' clouds,
The sun and moon and holy night of stars,
Flowed with a more divine significance
Into the windows of my soul, as if
They would recall the long-lost consciousness
Of a primeval fellowship with them.
So come away. The past may not return.
Joy goes with youth, and wisdom slow with years;
The present moment is eternity.

Down through the trees to where yon rustic gate
Reveals the prospect of the park beyond,
We, from the outlaw's grave, will wend our way,
Lift up the iron latch. I long to bound
Like those wild deer across the velvet sward.
Quick! for the sunshine lyeth all around,
And yonder where the nunnery ruins stand,
I see our merry company advance.
Hark! to their trumpets and uproarious shouts,
And now away to meet them.

Old and gray,
With narrow windows facing the dark woods,
The massy buildings of the nunnery stand.
Before them, on the slopings of the hill,
Huge groups of lofty trees, beneath whose shade
The hooded sisters of the convent walked
In dim old centuries, lying far behind—
Reflect their giant shadows in the brook,
Which murmurs with its music voice below.
The hospital, and dormit'ry, and barns;
The long dark hall—whose iron window bars
Admit the straggling light through loops of stone;
The old lodge chamber,—where with treacherous skill,
To please fierce Roger Doncaster, 'tis said,
The Leech let out the life blood from the heart
Of the old outlaw, who had claimed his aid,
Sick lying at the posterns of the gate—
With all their ruined memories are here.
And that low window saw the arrow shot
Which fell upon the place that marks his grave.

Beyond the lodge, enclosed in mouldering walls,
The convent garden lies. The old oak door
Dropping with worms upon its crazy hinge,
Admits you stooping. It is just the place
One would have thought to find in an old land
Long since deserted of all living men,
And given up to bats and dreary owls,
And lizards sleeping on the sunny walls.
Thick nettles choke the earth; and hemlocks rank,
And strange, wild herbs, medicinal are there;
With scents of rotting leaves and hyssop flowers.
The fruit trees bear the scars of fruitless age;
Their trunks all botched and knotted; with grey moss,
And lichens cleaving to the hoary bark.
Their sapless branches bear no leaf or bloom,
But bent and twisted rot, and fall to earth.
Nature well pleased with their old services,
Seems to reward them with a slow decay,
Protected from violence of storms,
And pensioned on the bounty of the sun.

Beyond the garden sleep the convent dead,
Promiscuous mingled with their mother earth.
The long, dark grass doth cover them; and trees
Wave all their friendly shadows to and fro
Over the silent graves; but not a stone
Is left to tell whose daughters rest below.

Alas! sweet spouses of the Risen Lord,
Where now are all your chaunts and vesper hymns,
Which in the twilight chancels and the quire,
Amongst the sculptured effigies of saints,
Yet, in the chapel, sang at eventide?
No more in lonely cell, your pallid cheeks
Shall glimmer in the broken light of stars,
Streaming through iron lattices; no more
In holy reverence shall ye bow your heads
Before the Golden Image on the wall.
The night hath passed, and night again is here,
And many watchers wait to see the dawn.

Two tombs alone of all the monuments,
Which pious hands erected to the dead,
Remain within these sacred precincts.
One holds Elizabeth de Stainton's dust,
First abbess of the convent, now the last;
Who with her sister here was laid to rest
Under the grassy turf and greenwood's shade.
But sacred evermore it is to me
This old religion, which nine hundred years,
Our English fathers lived in and died.
I love the large deep thoughts, the living fire
Which blossomed in the books and plastic works,
The paintings and the music of our sires.
And most of all the mighty architects,
Who, in the lack of words to represent
The vast creations of the labouring soul,
Built epic poems in immortal stone.

Ah me! the sun is hastening down the heavens,
And soon our pleasant holiday will cease,
And vanish with the things that are no more.
I hear the sound of happy voices ring
Through all the echoing woods, and see the crowds,
Which darken round the windows of the hall.
The music and the dance are still alive,
And merry feet are tripping o'er the grass
As if there were no sorrow in the world,
Or they at least were free from it. I too,
Who never tried but once, and then broke down,
Could almost dance for joy to hear and see
Such happy souls upon the happy earth.

Now let us cross the bridge—the wooden-bridge,
—Sun-painted on the bosom of the wave—
Which leads down to the gardens in the south.

The long brick wall like burning flame appears,
With its rich nectarine trees and apricot.
And all around us grow the glorious flowers
In beds of steaming earth, thick set with box.
Dark shrubs and cool green walks, and mossy banks,
Where bloom the golden lily and the rose,
With hidden grots and founts of shooting stars,
Make all the garden like an Eden seem.
The Green House stretching in its glassy length,
Lies stained with fiery colouring in the sun,
Hiding exotic plants of Araby,
The lotus from the Nile, and gorgeous flowers
Whose seed was gathered on the Ganges' bank.

O all too happy is a scene like this
For us poor sons of toil—yet we will wear
In our remembrance, like an Eastern charm
The glories we have seen; and they shall cheer
Our hours of darkness, through the lonely night,
Whose day is night, when our distresses come.

Now gathering in the park, with one more cheer,
Loud bursting to the moon, whose silver horn
Pours down its light upon the shadowy trees,
And one more blast of brazen instruments,
We, grateful for the happy day we've spent,
March through the dark and leafy colonnades;
And rushing down into the misty vale,
Regain the station, where the waiting train,
Huge looming with its monstrous carriages,
Will soon return us to our loved homes.

HYMN TO MAY.

Hail holy May! sweet virgin pure and fair!
Who like a Vestal from the throne of God,
With mystic eyes and azure streaming hair
Walk'st o'er the world as if an Angel trod;
Beneath whose rosy feet the waiting sod,
Long yearning for thy shadowy embraces,
In odorous throes that pain the vital clod,
Givest forth its violet births, and starry races
Of flowers, that gladden Earth and human faces.

All hail, thou rosy bosomed! whom the birds
In their wild woodland minstrelsy do praise—
Whom all the meadows and the tranquil herds—
(Altho' unconscious of thy wondrous ways,)
Love for the beauty of thy sunny days.
Whilst on the mountain tops the breezes sing
Their solemn anthems in the dreamy haze;
And in the valley children's voices ring
To see the golden cowslips blossoming.

All hail! for thou hast brought us back once more,
New life and joy, and trustful hope for Man,
I long have watched thy coming at the door
And down my garden o'er the hills have ran,
To listen in the bosky dells of Pan,
If I might hear the rustling joyous sound
Of thy rich kirtle—in its dainty span—
Trailing like music the enchanted ground,
Mid murmuring brooks and insects buzzing round.

And now I see and hear thee all day long,
And claim thee for my own, my Spirit's bride!
And love thee with a passion deep and strong,
As heaven's own love in all its rushing tide
Embracing worlds, and universes wide.
For thou to me art Nature's symbol, pure,
Of Man triumphant over sin and pride;
And in thy wondrous eyes which mine allure
I see that happy future mirrored there and sure.

THE RELIGIOUS FACULTY.

The highest faculty in man is that which enables him to communicate with the heavenly and the immortal; which lifts him above the outer framework of creation, and wafts his spirit into the realms of God. This wondrous principle, the gift of every man, however much it may be perverted, or how deeply soever it may be buried within him, we call the faculty of religion. It is the crown of all humanity, and links the finite with the infinite. Intellect and imagination are its hand-servants and helpers, but its mission is higher than that of either. The former may conduct it safely through the strife and battle of all human experience, and the latter may attend its progress to the stars of the deepest heaven, and inspire it with their solemn anthems in the great temple of the universe, but they can advance with it no further. Alone and silent in the vast solitudes beyond the material world, which ache with the pain of their immensity, it must wait for the presence of the Eternal, with whose fulness it shall expand into everlasting life and developement. The soul then becomes all-seeing and all-knowing. It enters into the counsels of the Creator, and reads the secrets of his government and laws, whilst it pierces, like a pervading spirit, through all the forms of nature, and detects at a glance their spiritual aim and significance. Far below it, lie

the foul and murky realms of Denial and palsied Doubt; and the smoke of that demon empire ascends not to its altitude, but wraps its own world in livid darkness, and leaves the inaccessible heavens clear; the inaccessible heavens! which can be reached only by the wings of reverence and of love.

He who has arrived there, and whose being has thus become unfolded into the infinite, has achieved the destiny of man. Jubilant and free, he floats in the ethers of eternity—eternity! whose awful image once flashed *down* upon him with such overpowering revelations of majesty and terror that his soul shrunk before them like a burnt up scroll, is now beautiful to him as a bride. He has conquered the vast gulf that separated her divine loveliness from his heart, and which made her features loom through it with such scaring and terrible sublimity. And now he also is eternal! nature and all her mysteries have passed through his spirit, and left their solutions behind them; so that he stands—as on the morning of creation—before the naked intelligences of the universe, whose shining creatures are but the semblance and shadow of these divine invisibilities.

He now sees that it was for this purpose of making himself immortal, of planting his soul in the bosom of the life-kingdom, that God sent him upon the earth. For the soul of man is not essentially and necessarily immortal. Immortality is the result of developement, and righteousness is the only condition of the soul's duration. The unrighteous man grows downwards unto death and annihilation. He, therefore, who would live for ever, must dwell in Truth and God; must lay hold of the laws of life, and mount upwards into heaven by his obedience unto them.

The faculty of religion is the first and the last which unfolds itself in man. The child, fresh from the hands of its Maker, is trustful, gentle, and aspiring, and its spirit expands in the sunshine of beauty, with unutterable and serene joy. Out of its pure and unsullied eyes stream floods of celestial light and glory. They are for ever eloquent with life-full thoughts, such as no words can utter. 'Of such,' indeed, 'is the kingdom of heaven.' I think one may see heaven itself, mirrored in the deep liquid unfathomable depths of a little child's eyes. And these are signs of its immortal capability. If it be true to its own soul, and the wisdom of the Saviour, it shall one day return to the second childhood, when the divine faculty becomes matured through trial and sorrow, and the child-like man dwells in peace and bliss with God. Between this first and last revelation of the soul, lies the battle-ground of man; and in proportion to his virtue and valour, in overcoming the temptations which surround him, or his cowardice in yielding to their enticements, shall be his reward of life or his punishment of death. For the last revelation only comes to him who has won it by his works. To him who has won it not, not only the revelation, but the holy organ itself, is extinct.

It would be the most sorrowful trifling to attempt, at any time, a *proof* of the reality of this high power in man, or of the sublime spiritual condition which it evolves. The most eloquent words can never represent a truth to that mind which is unprepared by previous discipline and experience to receive it; and hence, in ignorance of this law, arises the taunt of the scoffer, and the ridicule which sensual men cast upon the religious life. Yet the history of all great and good minds is a sacred scripture of testi-

mony to its reality. It fills the soul with joy and beauty, whilst dwelling in its earthly tabernacle—it binds the brows of death with the flowers of hope—and sings its triumphant anthems through the dim chancels of the grave. The grave itself is but the passage of a cloistered gloom which leads, like a sun-burst, into the presence and paradise of God.

All human culture, if its aim be to achieve the majestic and the God-like, must tend to the perfection of man as a religious being. For the soul arrives at its full stature—its spiritually plastic beauty—until the spirit of religion has been infused throughout its members. An uninspired artist may produce physical loveliness from his block of marble, but a holier hand is requisite to kindle it with the celestial fire, and make it felt as a living influence.

We are perpetually reminded of the want of this culture in our intercourse with the world, and even in our more friendly associations. Never, perhaps, was the intellect more intensely active, nor the accomplishments of learning more generally diffused. The mathematician and the scholar are present in almost every assembly; but the divine man—he whose thoughts and aspirations are directed evermore to the good and beautiful—is seldom seen. It is rare to meet with a serious and solemn man in the mart and fair of society. Instead of him, we have idle and scandalous gossips, who sink us deeper and deeper into the mires of pollution. We continually need men to speak to us words of life, and hope, and love. We are all too apt to descend—to forget our high vocation; to gather weeds, when we should be plucking flowers.

And yet no one comes to perform the office of the god-like for us—none to inspire us with grand thoughts, and fill us with the enthusiasm of spiritual

chivalry. Clearly, threrefore, we must be our own oracles—and become that ourselves, of which we lament the want, in others.

For men have now lost their faith both in God and themselves; and this dread calamity is the heaviest which can fall upon the human race. It is the source of every evil and corruption, and pollutes the world with perpetual decay and death. We seem, indeed to be fast descending from all nobility and glory of manhood, into the apish forms of satyrs, and the impure monsters of the fabulous ages. Having neglected our *one* talent, even that is taken away from us, and we are abandoned to the negations. Our love of Gold has crushed our love of God, until we are become worse than the wildest theoretical Atheist, in our practical denial of the existence of God, and our contempt for his laws. It is this sad reduction of the spirit of man—this utter faithlessness in the holy object of his mission upon earth, which prevents all high and beautiful human aspect, and gives us haggard portraitures of Midas for the glorious impersonations of Appollo and of Jove.

There can be no doubt that the inward being moulds the propertions of the physical; that the character of a man, in plainer words, writes itself ineffaceably upon his outer image, and stamps it either with loveliness or deformity. Think not, O unhappy Voluptuary! O Miser, Drunkard, or Brutal-hearted! to hide your baseness and wickedness from us, however secretly or silently ye may do your deeds; for, in spite of you, the infernal, like a ghastly phantom, grins over your heads, and proclaims whose children ye are! But, in mercy to yourselves and the race, cast the devils out of you,

and purge yourselves for the indwelling of the angels!

And here let us announce the law of the highest, as it relates to human developement, and say: that in the exact ratio of a man's spiritual or religious attainment, is he *felt* to be a living presence and a power. Before the full soul, every lower soul must bow, and though he were silent as the Thebean statuary, there is such an enchantment of heaven's own magic in his person, that he is accredited of all men for the lordly majesty of his gifts and influence.

To arrive, therefore, at such celestial heights and beatitudes should be the object of every one. It is clearly in the power of all to gain these glorious summits, where the true infinitude of man's life becomes sensibly revealed to him.

There is, however, no 'royal road' to these last altitudes. They can be reached only through the furnace of trial, and sorrow; a sorrow which conquers life by its solemnity, and the mightiness of its enduring love. The religious faculty, in short, can have no real unfolding until the human soul has become purified through the blood of the passions. It must, first of all, set itself in battle array against the allurements of the world, and the seduction of the senses: and in this heroic attitude, with the stern resolves of valour and virtue within it, it shall gradually arrive at new insights and holier conditions. Every triumph which it obtains over temptation adds to its existence. Every defeat it endures strikes whole cycles from it; for death and hell are the consummations of vice, and life everlasting is the crown of virtue—inasmuch as virtue is allied to that higher existence of which reverence, and faith, and love, are the spiritual conditions. We call

this existence *religious*, and remark: That it is the legitimate and inevitable result of a true human culture.

No one who understands what we here mean by the word 'true,' will charge us with building too entirely upon individual effort for the attainment of the religious state. He will know that all unaided effort is barren and unprofitable, and that *no man can arrive at insights into God's will and law, who does not repose with confidence and humility upon God himself.* The gospel of self-reliance which we so unceasingly proclaim, is but one side of our truth; and would be worthless if it were not based upon the love and reliance of God. No man, indeed, can think much without coming, like Sir Isaac Newton, to the conclusion of his sand-like nothingness. He only is strong who leans upon the bosom of the Almighty; he only is wise who nobly dares to do *His* work, and to leave the rest. Since, however, the religious existence is the natural result of a true human unfolding, and the highest form of all existence, it is, therefore, the supreme life-mission of every man to struggle after and attain it. For our business upon this earth is not to eat, drink, and die; there is that within us which, at times at least, gives the lie to all sensual pleasures, and compels us to listen to more elevating thoughts and inspirations. This is that light which enlightens every man coming into the world. It says to us: 'You, O man! born out of eternity into time: an apparition of life—who wert not, and now art; with infinite capacities! which can grasp the stars and suns of the vast universe—and prison them in thy own soul—making thee also an universe! out of whom goeth forth the deep unfathomable idea of a God! master of all things—sovereign lord of all things—

bethink thee—what a mute unspeakable privilege is this, thy life! Bethink thee, that thou also, art brother of the august band of worthies who have planted this magic dream-land of existence with undying thoughts—with hopes that reach *beyond* life, and stretch into the life of lives, where the dreams of this become the realities of that. Thou, the brother of Christ, who first saw the kingdom of heaven, and died that thou mightest attain unto it. Bethink thee, what meanings lie in the mysterious creation, for thy spirit to gather to itself. If thou art sad and desponding, and seest no aim in thy existence, think how wonderful it is to *be*. Think also of those who have gone before thee, back again into the night of darkness, who bore themselves bravely upwards through the same difficulties which beset thee, and have left their words and deeds for thy consolation. Look thou, also, upwards!—forego the slavery of sense, and press continually forwards until thou stand before the face of God, immortal by thy conquests.'

The only business, indeed, which man can have upon this earth, is to unfold *his entire nature*. Yet it would appear necessary, at the very outset, to convince men, in this day, that they really *have* a nature to unfold; for if we look around us in the busy commercial world, we shall see no evidences that any such truth is credited to the human family in the ledger of God. Few men understand what their entire nature is, and have scarcely felt any higher faculties within them than those which illustrate the relations of pounds, shillings, and pence to the staple commodities of trade. We do not mean to *under*-value these faculties; but admit their worth to the full extent of their claims. But, absolutely, there *is* a God! and there are other and

higher relations which we bear to him than any trading accounts can satisfy. And it is to this fact that our thoughts should be incessantly directed. Why should not trade and commerce—the great evangelists of civilization—be conducted by holy men upon holy principles? and thus become a means of human developement, instead of a barrier to its progress. As much religion may be present in the sale of rags or ribbons, as in the most ecstatic prayer and praise: all that is necessary is, that a true religious man should be at the bottom of the transaction. No craft and no employment are mean, when they are practiced for culture. The soul can as easily and truly grow, under the soot-bag of the sweep, as under the gown of the divinity doctor. But wo! to that man who enslaves his soul to his trade, and sets up his gold in the stead of God for his worship. The acquisition of wealth is honourable, when it is lawfully followed, and made subservient to the acquisition of *being*. But when once the love of wealth has quenched the divine perceptions of a people, when they can no longer bear the words of genius, and makes a scoff at the revelations of the poet and the prophet, it is a fatal sign. Our object, therefore, is to draw men out of this state, by proclaiming the assistance of that high faculty which we have called religious; by shewing that the way to get it unfolded within them, is to be truthful to themselves, to their fellow-creatures, and to God. They must first of all have an infinite trust in the revealed destinies of the soul: they must believe that all good and holy thoughts and deeds are progressive expansions of their life to the accomplishment of that destiny: That all obscenities, whether in idea or action, are a sort of satanic

devices to kill the soul, and rob it of its god-like attributes; and with these emblazonries over their life-temple, they are to go forth, day by day, until they realize the perfection and the consummation of their existence in the life-worship of their Maker.

A MOORLAND DITTY.

Mary was glad as the lark in the sky;
  She sang at her wheel all the day;
Her old mother lived in the light of her eye,
  And none were so happy as they.

Young Jemmie came over the Black moor hill
  Sweet Mary to woo in the vale;
He won her heart by the side of the rill,
  In the moonlight, soft, and pale.

But O, her heart! it was made to moan,
  And her bonny blue eyes to dim;
False Jemmie left her to droop alone;
  She died for the love of him.

They buried her deep in the heath'ry dell,
  By the side of the weeping rill;
And over her grave blooms the wild blue bell,
  At the foot of the Black moor hill.

HUNGARY.

Almighty God! how long wilt thou endure!
How long withhold the thunder of thine ire,
Whilst bloody tyrants, in their strength secure
Plough up the plains of Hungary with fire?
What are the godlike deeds the Rus have done
Or tainted Austria, that thou shouldst seem
To smile upon the battles they have won?
Or is it after all, a lying dream,
Which with blaspheming tongue hath dared to say
That Hungary and freedom are no more—
Crushed by the brutal weight of Austria's
And Russia's carrion clay, from the Arctic shore?
Alas! it is no dream's blaspheming lie!
And thou, O God! art thou man's enemy?

PROVIDENCE.

Providence is great and good;
May save a man in fire and flood,
Or as he will destroy:
But, if you'd have the winds and waves
Laugh death to scorn, with all his graves,
Steer true your helm, my boy.

FINIS.

Arnold & Co., Printers, London.

GILT JUVENILE BOOKS

At One Shilling each.

BLIND ALICE; or, Do right, if you wish to be Happy.
JESSIE GRAHAM; or, Friends dear, but Truth Dearer.
FLORENCE ARNOTT; or, Is she Generous?
GRACE AND CLARA; or, be Just as well as Generous.
ELLEN LESLIE; or, The reward of Self-control.
The BOYS' BOOK OF FUN, illustrated with 100 cuts.
LIFE OF ADMIRAL LORD NELSON.
LIFE OF CAPTAIN COOK, the celebrated Navigator.
LIFE OF MUNGO PARK, the African Traveller.
LIFE OF BRUCE, the celebrated Traveller.
LIFE OF BARON TRENCK.
The CHILD'S BOOK OF BIRDS, with numerous cuts.
——————— BOOK OF ANIMALS, ditto.
——————— BOOK OF FISHES AND INSECTS, ditto.
——————— BOOK OF FABLES, ditto.
——————— HISTORY OF ENGLAND, ditto.
The HOLIDAY PRESENT, ditto.
——PICTORIAL STORY BOOK, ditto.

The YOUTH'S STORY-TELLER, with cuts, handsomely bound in scarlet cloth, demy 18mo., 1*s.* 6*d.*

The LIFE and ADVENTURES of ROBINSON CRUSOE, illustrated with cuts, do., 1*s.* 6*d.*

The NEW JUVENILE SCRAP BOOK, illustrated with cuts, do., 1*s.* 6*d.*

Stories for YOUNG PERSONS, by MISS SEDGWICK, 1*s.* 6*d.*

FAIRY TALES AND LEGENDS OF MANY NATIONS. BY C. B. Burkhardt. 1*s.* 6*d.*

WONDERS OF NATURE AND ART, 1*s.* 6*d.*

ELEGANT GILT BOOKS,

At One Shilling each. (*Royal* 32*mo.*,)

The YOUNG MAIDEN; her Moral and Domestic Duties.
LOUISE; or Life and its Revealings.
The MOTHER'S TRIALS, by Charles Burdett.
ALICE GORDON, by Joseph Alden, D.D.
MEMOIRS of Mrs. A. Rogers.
ELLEN HERBERT, or Family Changes.
CHANCES and CHANGES; or, Life as it is.
FORGET ME NOT, a Token of Love and Friendship.
MASON'S SELECT REMAINS.

POCKET VOLUMES,

Neatly bound in cloth, gilt lettered, at One Shilling each.

FLOWERS of POETRY, Original and Select.
MASON on SELF-KNOWLEDGE.
WATTS on the IMPROVEMENT of the MIND.
Hervey's MEDITATIONS and CONTEMPLATIONS.
FLEETWOOD'S LIFE of CHRIST.
BEAUTIES of WESLEY.
JENKS' FAMILY DEVOTIONS.
WATTS' WORLD to COME.
BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY. Containing a description of all the Animated Beings in Nature. Illustrated with One Hundred Cuts.
LIFE of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.
MODERN CABINET of ARTS.
The GREAT SECRET, or HOW TO BE HAPPY.